THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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RESIGNATION.

BY PAUL FLEMING.

Let nothing make thee sad or fretful,
Or too regretful;
Be still—
What God hath ordered must be right,
Then find in it thine own delight,
My will.

Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow,
About to-morrow,
My heart?
One watches all with care most true,
Doubt not that He will give thee, too,
Thy part.

Only be steadfast, never waver,
Nor seek earth's favor,
But rest;
Thou knowest what God wills, must be
For all His creatures, so for thee,
The best.

HARD TIMES!

OR,

The Real Victims of the Panic!

A Tale of the Winter of 1873–74.

By BURR THORNBURY, Esq.

Author of "Jessie Dale," "Ravenswood," Etc., Etc., Etc.

"Knowing that ere another day passed—aye, another hour—ruin might descend upon the bank, he took the poor woman's money."

CHAPTER I.

THE STORM BURSTS.

Like a lightning-stroke from a calm and cloudless sky came the announcement that September day of 1873, of the failure of the great banking house of Jay Cooke & Co.

Disaster on disaster quickly followed. Great name after great name went down, and the panic was fairly inaugurated.

"The worst is already reached," said the papers—said the people. But a secret fear was in the hearts of all. Days, weeks went by, and yet the tide of ruin did not turn. Speculation at first suffered, but soon to the commercial and manufacturing classes the evil spread. Railroad establishments, mills and factories numberless suspended operations; trade languished; distrust grew; an unmanly, un-American fear swept over the whole wide land; and in the face of all stared the stern, pitiless winter.

Winter! a word of terror to thousands always, even in prosperous times. But now with work cut off, and with little or nothing in store for a season of want, to tens of thousands the thought of the approaching rigors brought by the declining year, struck through them like a chill.

They felt beforehand the biting cold, the merciless wind, the bitterness of winter poverty.

"'Tis a most bitter lot to be poor when it snows!"

We purpose in this story to show who are the real sufferers when financial calamities are visited upon a nation. In the guise of romance we shall picture truths and narrate experiences that none shall dare to pronounce exaggerated. We shall go among the lofty and the humble, and show who are the real heroes and heroines of these trying times. We shall show that men are all of one brotherhood, though many deserve small recognition as belonging thereto; that Christian love reaches everywhere; that human sympathy is still precious; and that the great mass of humanity are yet worthy of God's care.

With this preface we commence our tale of real and present life—a story emphatically of TO-DAY. If our pen falters in the task, and sometimes shrinks from the portrayal of truths and scenes painful to the feeling heart, let it not be forgotten that these things *are;* that want and woe exist in unnumbered places; and that charity must be made acquainted with the facts.

In one of the large banking houses of Philadelphia, a meeting of all the members of the firm was held early on a September afternoon, 1873. It was a most anxious and important conference.

The senior partner had just come in again, after a brief withdrawal from the scene of the consultation.

He was a white-haired man, of grave mien and dignified manners; quietly prepossessing in his whole appearance, perhaps too cold and selfish.

"Well, Mr. Burton, what of the street?" inquired one of the others of the firm.

"Quiet—unsuspiciously quiet," was the reply. "It is wonderful how well the secrets of business are held. It would seem that something must get out soon, yet the blow may not descend for a month yet. The earth is mined under our feet—so to speak—under the feet of the whole business world, and yet men go about as if no explosion was to be feared. Carwell & Co. are frightfully pressed, I understand, and can barely hold out—they may be the first to go by the board. If so, then we must follow—there's no help for it; but at present our creditors have no more idea of the probability of our suspension than they have of the sky falling—such is human confidence. They press us unwittingly—there is not a whisper abroad yet questioning our soundness."

"Mr. Burton."

It was a clerk who called, presenting himself at the door of the private office.

"Well, sir?"

"I would like to see you a moment, please."

Mr. Burton stepped out.

"I'm a little puzzled, sir," began the clerk, "and so is Craft; he sent me to you. There is a woman in with four hundred dollars to deposit—a poor woman, sir, I should judge—and—and in view of our somewhat uncertain position, I thought, perhaps, you would advise the refusal of the money."

The clerk spoke a little falteringly, not knowing just what his employer might think of the matter. As for himself he had some qualms of conscience.

Mr. Burton paused a moment—only a movement. Then a hardness—a soulless unconcern became visible in his features.

"Oh, take the money, Lloyd. It will be all right."

"Just as you say, sir," returned the clerk, evidently feeling himself relieved of the business and moral responsibity of the transaction.

Mr. Burton then re-entered the private office, and resumed the discussion with his partners of the subject in hand.

Returning to his desk, the clerk who had briefly interrupted the conference of his superiors, gave an affirmative nod to Craft, who was looking for some intimation of the course he was to pursue. The latter upon receiving this sanction of his contemplated action, thus addressed the customer before him:

"All right, madam; we will accommodate you."

"Thank you, sir. I know the money will be perfectly safe with you," she said in fullest confidence, adding, "and you will allow me interest on it?"

"That is our custom."

"I have need to obtain the best return," she continued, "but I wished to take no risk; and as I may be compelled to draw upon the amount before the winter is over, I preferred to make no permanent investment."

Craft looked at the woman closely. He saw that she was a person of refinement, though no evidence of wealth was visible in her attire. She was, perhaps, a lone woman of respectability, possessing no business friends and no business knowledge, who had acquired by her own personal exertions, these few hundred dollars, and wished to lay them by for an inevitable "rainy day."

He saw this, we say; and yet, knowing that ere another day passed—aye, another hour—ruin might descend upon the house receiving it, he took the money, saying with cold politeness:

"Here is your certificate of deposit, madam."

She placed the paper carefully in her *portmonnaie*, and then with not one doubt of the stability and honesty of those she thus trusted, went out into the street.

Mr. Andrew Burton and his partners still remained in consultation.

Half an hour after the departure of the depositor to whom we have called attention, a messenger from another banker arrived with private information for them.

Mr. Burton read the communication without the movement of a muscle of his face, yet the burden of the despatch was startling.

"Our last hope is gone—if hope it could be called," he said, in cold calmness. "Carwell & Co. are on the very verge of suspension; and when they go, we go. Stand from under should be the word—but it is too late now for thousands."

He smiled as he spoke—a cold, contemptuous smile, as if in advance, in his serenity, he looked down upon the mad excitement that must soon disturb the world of finance.

Long and earnest was the discussion that ensued upon a proposition then made by the junior member of the firm, that not another dollar of deposits should be received.

"Unbusiness-like! unbusiness-like!" exclaimed Mr. Burton, impatiently. "We need money this very moment; if we do not take it, our house will go first. I don't wish to set so bad an example," he concluded, with heartless humor.

"But since we now know," began Mr. Colville, in expostulation, "that the load we carry must crush us, why draw others into the catastrophe?"

"Crush us, Mr. Colville! I don't intend to be crushed. Of course we must suspend, but that doesn't necessitate utter ruin. Haven't I seen this thing coming? Do I not owe a duty to my family in preparing for the worst? Like others, we involved ourselves unwittingly; but I have not been such a fool as to neglect such precautions, looking to personal support, as were still possible. You have done the same, I trust?"

"Not I, Mr. Burton. The fall of this house will be my utter pecuniary ruin. My private wealth will all be at the disposal of my creditors."

"Well, so shall mine," returned Mr. Burton; "only I shall make it convenient not to have a great deal of private wealth. I have been very generous to my wife and children, sir, of late."

"I understand you, Mr. Burton," said the other, sighing, and amazed at this revelation of his partner's character. He had not believed him capable of such dishonorable action until now, though he well knew that many a fair-standing man of business had done similar things.

"What have you to say, Mr. Moore?" inquired Mr. Burton, addressing the third partner. "Shall the deposit of Chaswick & Co. be received?"

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature," answered that individual. "We are drawn upon heavily, and so long as we pay out we must receive."

"Of course, sir," said Mr. Burton, in warm approval.

"I protest against it," cried Mr. Colville. "The firm have not been fairly dealt with heretofore, according to my ideas of right; and as they are young and over-sanguine, a word of private warning, given under pledge of secrecy, should be offered them. If——"

"Mr. Colville!" cried both his listeners in concert, and intimidatingly.

But Mr. Colville was not to be intimidated. He went on to say:

"I see some things more clearly to-day than I ever saw them before. I know I am not your equals in business sharpness—shrewdness, if you choose—my dear sirs, but I claim to be an honorable man; and though my views run counter to yours in the matter now being considered, I must oppose your contemplated course. The large capital—now lost to me—I have placed in our business gives me the right to speak. I say that Chaswick & Co. must not be permitted to rush blindly to their ruin. The circumstances of their case are peculiar."

"Fudge!" interrupted Mr. Burton, in angry impatience. "But let us end the discussion of this unpleasant matter. Chaswick & Co., I give you my word, shall not become our creditors to the amount of another dollar. The hour for making deposits is past; our doors are closed; will you go home satisfied, Mr. Colville?"

"Yes," he said, rising, "and this moment; there is nothing further I wish to urge to-day."

He bade his partners good afternoon, and went out.

When the door of the office closed, Mr. Burton turned to his remaining companion, with a look of mingled relief and triumph, saying, in a cold, stern whisper:

"I deceived Mr. Colville, and you also, Mr. Moore. Chaswick & Co. deposited with us yesterday, but I managed to conceal the fact from Mr. Colville and yourself. I knew he would be making a fuss. He had better retire from his present business, I think, when the coming storm blows over. His sense of honor is entirely too delicate. He has given us capital in this concern; but for that, I would rather be relieved of him."

"I agree with you, Mr. Burton. It won't do to be too punctilious in our business conduct. If the majority were, we might talk; but they're not."

A half hour longer these two congenial souls lingered in their private office, and then each went his way homeward, bearing in his bosom secrets of momentous interest to thousands, but as yet deep secrets only.

The next day came the grand opening of the panic.

"Third street, Wall street, the whole country was in a ferment of excitement.

"Stand from under!" was the cry, but it was too late.

CHAPTER II.

A SAD CASE.

We will follow from the banking-house of Burton & Co. the depositor of the four hundred dollars, and learn more of her and her circumstances.

With a step almost light, she passed from the noisy centre of business, and made her way up town.

"I will not take a street car," she said to herself; "every penny that I can save I must, for my dear husband's and children's sake. When he recovers, and is at work again, I shall feel that I can indulge in the little extravagance of a ride. John has been ill so long that I fear he may need medical attendance for perhaps the whole winter—he frets so under his enforced idleness that it delays his improvement. But we have four hundred dollars in bank to draw upon if we should need it, and I feel very grateful indeed. Four hundred dollars! and safely deposited! We are safe from want at any rate, with what I can earn myself. Ah! here is Sixteenth street already."

Up Sixteenth street she went, up a long distance to Stiles. Turning into that, she soon stopped at the door of one of the humbler dwellings in that quarter, and ringing, was admitted by a curly-headed little boy—her own child, very evidently.

"Well, Eddie," she said, "how is papa by this time?"

"O, papa is getting better so fast!" replied the little fellow, in glee. "He played buffalo with us while you were gone, and—and I shot him, and Freddie and me had the best time we ever had."

"I am afraid it will not help his old pain to be subjected to all that," muttered the mother. "But I know John gets so tired of confinement that he cannot lie patiently quiet, and when I am away does imprudent things. He only thought of amusing the children though."

She had passed on to an upper chamber as she thus soliloquized, where she found her husband.

"Well, Mary," he said, cheerily, "you're back from your business trip?"

"Yes; and I got along so nicely. It is nothing to go to bank. I just told them what I wanted to do; waited a little while, got this," producing the certificate of deposit, "and came away."

"What a good body you are, Mary. How you are supporting the whole family—and I lying idle by."

"Oh, John!" she cried, reprovingly, "don't speak in that tone of yourself. You know you are not able to work."

"I suppose not entirely; and yet I feel as if I ought to be at it. Work is plenty now, and in the winter it may be different."

"We'll get along, John; never fear that," was his wife's cheery response to his complaint. "With the rent for this month paid, and four hundred dollars in bank, there's nothing to worry about."

"We ought to have more than that, and would have had but for the failure of the savings fund years ago. That threw me back sadly."

"Yes, so it did," mused Mrs. Woodson, regretfully. "It is very hard, too, when the careful earnings of years are thus swept away. But it will never happen again, John, never, I hope; our money is not in the savings fund this time, but with Burton & Co. They are known everywhere as honorable and trustworthy men, the money is just as safe as can be."

"Better there than in the house, Mary. I'm a little suspicious of most everybody now-a-days—in money matters, I mean—but what is an ignorant fellow like me to do? Don't let me alarm you, though; Burton & Co are all right, for everybody says so."

And thus this simple-minded couple, ignorant of the most commonplace business matters, "placed their trust in princes"—in princes of finance who not always deserve such confidence.

Leaving her husband with the children, Mrs. Woodson went to prepare the evening meal.

Everything about the house gave evidence of her skill, neatness and thrift as a housekeeper. The cosy little dining-room an hour later when the family were enjoying their tea, presented a charming picture of home comfort. If care had entered under that roof, its presence had not yet become blighting. Some clouds lay around the horizon of that loving home, but hope still lightened and cheered it.

Mr. Woodson had been employed at good wages in a large locomotive manufacturing establishment of the city, and until his present disability, had made more than a living for his family. He hoped soon to be at his work again, and then all would be well.

Mrs. Woodson was one of those natively refined, loving and excellent women, who, whatever is their station in life, give a grace and dignity to it. Intelligent and well-bred, modest and unpretentious, she made no attempt to appear to be more than she was, but respected herself thoroughly, and was animated by as true a spirit of pride as ever dwelt in a human bosom.

Her husband was steady, manly and intelligent—a model working man; her children were handsome and well-behaved; and Mrs. Woodson felt that her lot in life, though not elevated and showy, was, in all its essential conditions, perhaps better.

Bitter is poverty when it comes to such. They shrink from charity with a sensitiveness that only the proudest feel. Even when assistance is proffered them in the most delicate and inconspicuous way, they are loth to accept it. Only starvation can bring them to eat the bread the humanitarian would provide for them. Occasionally desperation drives them to crime—if crime it can be called to take without asking what will save loved and dependent ones from famishing—but usually they are patient and long-suffering in their extremity, praying for opportunity to earn subsistence, perishing sometimes if no answer to their prayers be made.

* * * * *

The morning but one succeeding the day of her visit to the banking-house of Burton & Co., Mrs. Woodson was the first to look into their daily paper.

Her eye soon caught the heading of the account of the financial disasters it contained.

"Jay Cooke & Co. have suspended." she read, in wonder, running to her husband with the startling news. "Suspended! what does that mean, John?"

John's face was white with a sudden apprehension.

"It means about the same as failure, I guess," he answered, with a tremor of his voice. "Read on, Mary."

"And—and—oh, John! Burton & Co. are named too!"

"Can it be?" he gasped, reaching, with a tremulous quickness, for the paper. "It is so—it is so; and our four hundred dollars are gone, I do not doubt."

"Oh, husband, not so bad as that, I trust."

"It may not be, but I'm afraid we'll be served as the savings bank served me years ago. The officers talked nice at first and promised fair, but they cheated me out of all of it at last." groaned John Woodson, in conclusion. He groaned not only in bitterness of heart, but in physical pain.

His wife looked sharply at him, struck by his distressed tone.

"Oh, John!" she exclaimed, in alarm; "you are sick again. Heaven help us!"

CHAPTER III.

THE MONEY, NOT THE MAN.

Crash upon crash!

First the speculators and over-sanguine of the stock-dealers; then the closing of manufactories; finally, general commercial embarrassment.

The young and aspiring firm of Chaswick & Co. had been greatly crippled by the failure of Burton & Co. Other disasters followed, partly as an incidence, partly as a consequence, then the brave young house had to go. Their failure was announced privately and in print.

Nelson Chaswick sat alone in his now silent counting-room. Though still young, he was the senior member of the firm. His career in the business world had been brilliant and extraordinary. Winning his way from the obscurity of his early youth to a position of trust and profit, fortune had exceptionally favored him, and he became the *protege* of an eccentric merchant, childless and of vast wealth, who had given him every opportunity to advance himself in business and society. It was whispered, too, that old Mr. Larmoyle would make young Chaswick his heir; consequently the youth had become an important figure in the social world.

All this had not spoiled Nelson Chaswick. In trait and character he was true. The hedging circumstances of wealth and grand opportunities had not wrought his ruin. Daring and ambitious as a man of business, he was still in a degree conservative, and his present misfortunes had been brought about by a morally criminal breach of trust on the part of others. The bankers, Burton & Moore, had planned to ruin Nelson Chaswick, simply because they were jealous of him—because his name promised soon to shine brighter in the world of business than theirs.

They knew his embarrassment at the trying period at which our story opens would probably prove fatal, for they had secret intimation—aye, knowledge—that his hitherto generous patron, Mr. Lamoyle, was in no condition to extend him aid. The old gentleman, though he had years before retired from active business pursuits, had found leisure unsuited to his restless temperament, and to beguile the unemployed hours of his time, had unfortunately permitted himself to look with too much favor upon speculation in stocks.

The result now threatened disaster. Mr. Lamoyle was burdened with securities whose value was declining alarmingly; Chaswick & Co. had already succumbed to the fearful pressure brought to bear against them.

Alone, with his hand upon his aching brow—for the fierce fever of disappointment, perplexity and despair burned there—Mr. Chaswick pondered painfully upon his position.

"Ruin! unlooked-for, sudden ruin!" he exclaimed to himself. "A week ago buoyant and prosperous, to-day bankrupt. Nay, not that; no one will lose by us, thank heaven; only there will be little or nothing left for ourselves. But why should I yield to depression? Have I not health, youth, many good things yet—best of all," he murmured, in a joyous whisper these later words "the love of Helen Deane? But ah——"

He started violently, as if a sudden secret thought had struck like a dagger thrust to his heart.

"Down with the thought," he then cried. "I am not worthy of Helen if I could imagine that she could love me less; if I could be less dear to her, deprived of the wealth that was lately mine, in hand and prospectively. I cannot wed her in poverty, it is true, but poverty need not long be my portion. I can in time regain much that I have lost. Thank Heaven, that I have not lost what is most difficult to recover—my honor and good name. Helen will wait for me, I know. She loves me as I love her. I will see her to-night, and her own lips will give me the sweet encouragement I now need."

Two hours later he rang at the front of a stately up-town house. A servant admitted him.

"Helen cannot be in," he thought, "or she would herself have answered my ring; she often does. "Is Miss Deane at home?" he inquired of the domestic.

"Yes, sir; she's upstairs. I'll tell her you're here."

Drawing off his gloves, and placing his hat on the rack, the young man entered the luxurious parlor, softly lighted, and with its slumbrous air daintily perfumed with the odor of rich flowers.

He felt quite at home. Why should he not in the house where he had so long been a welcomed and honored visitor—under the roof where dwelt his betrothed? He had not called until now since his misfortunes and the rumored embarrassments of his generous friend, Mr. Lamoyle, had become subjects of talk.

For a moment only—that moment we have noted in the counting-room—had he doubted that a change of fortune would bring with it no change of heart on the part of her he loved. He had instantly put down the ignoble thought, and it had not risen again. Now, weary, worn, and depressed, he felt that here, at least, he would meet with sympathy and support.

He sat in the parlor alone for some time. At last he began to be impatient, and again that secret fear stirred in his bosom. Then he heard the coming of delicate footsteps; a form of grace entered the apartment, and recognizing the fair presence, he rose to greet his betrothed.

"Is it you, Nelson—Mr. Chaswick? I hardly expected you this evening."

Mr. Chaswick!

There was a coldness in the utterance of his name thus formally. A chill struck through the young man's heart, and he said, in a pained voice:

"You did not expect me, Helen! Could I remain away from you another evening when I so needed to forget my misfortunes in your presence?"

"Is it all true, then—the reports of your business ruin? asked Helen Deane, inquisitively rather than sympathetically.

The gas had been turned fully on, and fair and stately, with a certain hard expression gathering in her face, she stood in the mellow glow of the chandelier.

"The worst is true, Helen," said Chaswick, simply, but with deep emotion. "I will reserve nothing from you."

"And Mr. Lamoyle is unfortunate, too, we hear?" continued Helen, in the same cool, inquisitorial tone she had before used.

"I regret to say that he has been," answered the young man, a white, foreboding look now visible in his countenance.

"How dreadful it is!" ejaculated the lady. "Papa says he deserves it, though; but the ruin of yourself at the same time is an unfortunate conjunction, since——"

"Since what, Miss Deane?"

The tone was surprised, quick, and challenging.

"Since it will necessitate a change in our relations," she answered, with the unsteady courage of one who shrinks from an unpleasant announcement, yet has resolved to make it.

Her eyes dropped. She could not meet his look of surprise and rising scorn.

"Helen," he gasped. "do I understand you?"

"I trust so," she said, coldly.

Across his features flashed an expression of agony as his faith in his betrothed received this mortal wound. For a moment only he stood mute and suffering, then his face lighted proudly, as he said:

"Helen Deane, I would not have believed this of you. Loving you as I did; being blinded, perhaps, by that love, I thought you one to be desired—not for your beauty—not for your wealth—not for your station, but for your own true self. I thought, too, that your regard for myself was of as noble a character. In one brief, little moment I am undeceived. I thank Heaven for this revelation, made, as it is, before it was too late. I am grateful now for my misfortunes, since, because of them I have learned of your unworthiness. You have been quick to throw off the fair disguise of your nature in this hour, until this moment, so gloomy to me. But I meet you with an equal readiness. Your selfishness shall not remain long embarrassed by any fear that I may clog its exercise. You have caused me pain, but I forgive you; a delusion need not be the death of faith. To-night we part, strangers as when we met. Let me say this to you, Helen Deane, ere I say good-bye: I would not have asked you to share my poverty, but I had faith in myself, and believed that my misfortunes might early be retrieved. In the future, wealth may again be mine; if so, and we should ever meet, I pray that you show me no more respect than you have shown to-night. Farewell."

He had spoken rapidly, bitterly, scathingly, his hot words falling like fire on her understanding.

A pitying contempt curled his lip as he turned from her with a short, cold bow.

Another moment and he was in the street, hastening along with a dull, deadened feeling of wretchedness succeeding his late excitement.

Mechanically he passed down the street, seeing nothing, conscious of nothing, save that he was sad, soul-sick and disgusted with all things.

He heard not the rapid roll of wheels not far ahead of him, and coming toward him; noted not the fierce hoof-beats of a pair of runaway horses, with a broken carriage at their heels.

A shock—a woman's wild cry! These aroused him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GERMAN KITCHENS.

The kitchen is a small, bare room, with a brick or concrete floor; no oil cloth, no cocoanut matting, no carpet, no pretence at comfort. You wonder how all the routine of cookery and scullery can be carried on in it. The copper pans on shelf and peg shine warm and bright from the walls, the window is clean, and buckets full of water, with a large brass water scoop, show that all is ready for the day's operations. The hot metal plates, provided with numerous circular holes, into which rings can be fitted or from which they can be hooked out, to suit the exigencies of the various pots and pans, accommodate any number of kettles or stewpans. These stand simmering, boiling or stewing, according to their position, and are placed in the holes by which they come nearer to the fire when accelerated speed is desirable. The servant has here again a vast amount of labor saved her; not only that she has no hearth-stoning, fender-polishing or black-leading to accomplish, but that she can get at all her plats readily, without burning her face and hands or straining her muscles as with us, by stretching over a wide hearth in front of a scorching fire, to the detriment alike of her clothes, health and temper.

Knowing the value of fuel, and the extreme frugality which is observed in all households as to this most expensive item of domestic economy, a German servant will give you no trouble in the matter. Having heated water for your early coffee (a mere handful of firing has been necessary for this), she allows the flame to die out. She will draw the few living embers to the mouth of the grating in the hot plate, and lay a piece of peat upon them before she goes out to market. When she returns, a few puffs of breath blow the smouldering heap into life, and her saucepans will soon be boiling in merry concert. The moment dinner is over, she will fill every available vessel with water, so that she has a supply sufficiently warm to wash up with, and the fire again dies down. It has to be lighted for supper, but the same frugal rule is observed, and as the hot plate affords no warmth beyond that immediately beneath the saucepans, there is no temptation to make a larger fire.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

In the Cathedral of Limerick there hangs a chime of bells which were cast in Italy by an enthusiast in his trade, who fixed his home near the monastery where they were first hung, that he might daily enjoy their sweet and solemn music. In some political revolution the bells were taken away to some distant land, and their maker himself became a refugee and exile. His wanderings brought him after many years to Ireland.

On a calm and beautiful evening, as the vessel which bore him floated on the placid bosom of the Shannon, suddenly the evening chimes pealed from the cathedral towers. His practised ear caught the sweet sound, and he knew that his lost treasures were found. His early home, his old friends, his beloved native land—all the best associations of his life were in those sounds. He laid himself back in the boat, crossed his arms upon his breast, and listened to the music. The boat reached the wharf, but still he lay there, silent and motionless.

They spoke to him, but he did not answer. They went to him, but his spirit had fled. The tide of memories that came vibrating through his heart at the well-known chime had snapped its strings!

It was this incident that suggested to Moore his song of "The Evening Bells." As Moore is not so much read as he used to be a quarter of a century ago, we reprint the lines, as they may not be familiar to some of our younger readers:

Those evening bells! Those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime.
Those joyous hours have passed away,
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.
And thus 't shall be when I am gone,
That tuneful peal shall still ring on,
And other hands shall walk these dells,
And sing thy praise, sweet evening bells!

FRIENDSHIP.—Friendship is the solder of hearts, the bond of spirits, the jewel of life, the charm of social intercourse, the mystic chain of sympathy, whose links, like the sweet influence which binds the stars, unites us at once to things the meanest and the most remote. How exquisite is the pleasure springing from virtuous friendship with kindred souls! from the delights bestowed by an interchange of sentiment, by the flash of wit, the flow of reason, and the flights of imagination! At these delightful moments it is, when mind, communing with kindred mind, unfolds its hidden treasures of intellect, unlocks the sealed fountains of passion, breathes out at ease its warmest aspirations, expands its noblest sympathies, and spreads around, with lavish hand, the hoard of mental wealth and generous sensibility which it reveals to no other earthly being, that man may truly be said to enjoy the most refined and elevated pleasure of which his nature is at present susceptible.

TRIFLES.—There are many little things in the household, attention to which is indispensable to health and happiness. The kind of air which circulates in a house may seem a small matter, for we cannot see the air, and not many people know anything about it; yet, if we do not provide a regular supply of pure air within our houses, we shall inevitably suffer for our neglect. A few specks of dirt may seem neither here nor there, and a closed door or window appear to make little difference, but the little dirt and the little bad air are apt to sow the seeds of ill health, and therefore ought to be removed. The whole of the household regulations are, taken by themselves, trifles, but trifles tending to an important result.

EXPERIENCE is a torch lighted in the ashes of our delusions.

SONNET.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Say over again and yet once over again
That thou dost love me. Though the word repeated
Should seem "a cuckoo song," as thou dost treat it,
Remember never to the hill or plain,
Valley and wood, without her cuckoo strain
Comes the fresh Spring in all her green completed;
Beloved, I, amid the darkness greeted
By a double spirit-voice, to that double pain
Cry—Speak once more—thou lovest! Who can fear
Too many stars, though each in heaven shall roll—
Too many flowers, though each shall crown the year?
Say thou dost love me, love me, love me—toll
The silver iterance!—only minding, dear,
To love me also in silence, with thy soul.

CHARON, THE RED FOX!

A TALE OF THE PLAINS.

By CAPTAIN CARNES.

Author of "Red Kelly," "Wetzal, The Scout."

[This serial was commenced in No. 33, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED.)

JACK DOANE.

We will now look in upon a raw countryman on board the train running on the T. and L. railroad. He is evidently just in from the rural districts in search of the fabled fortune that the city holds for all applicants. His hair was towy, his clothes didn't fit, and he was generally out of style. Just the fellow for a set of sharpers to light upon and make a tool of. He was timid and bashful, and although he was not large, he appeared so ill at ease that it was evident that he felt that there was entirely too much of himself—a surplus that he didn't know what way to dispose of. His hat set well back on his coarse red hair; his freckled face and nose was uncomfortably flushed, and his evident and painful awkwardness drew the attention of several passengers to him.

"What in the deuce," exclaimed an obese man, in the fattest and most self-satisfied tones, "what in the deuce sends that class of fellows into the city to make their fortune?"

His companion answered in a meditative tone:

"A rough clay model, true; but, sometimes I have seen such chiseled down by contact with the world until they became statues of the grandest type of manhood."

His companion—a veritable paunchous (Pontius) Pilate, didn't appreciate the figure, and he only laughed.

Two other persons in the car had noticed the young man and they managed to shift position until they came close to him.

By and by, the inevitable candy boy, followed by the haunting pop-corn boy came along, and then the "mornin' 'dition" boy. The gentleman directly behind the country youth thought to invest in a paper, and produced a bill of too large a denomination for the "newsboy" to change. The gentleman applied for change to the young fellow, who honored by the request, made awkward haste to comply, and, as might be expected, he dropped his pocket-book in his hurry, and its contents, consisting of several bank bills, tumbled into the aisle.

Unfortunately this accident did not pass without observation. At last the change was made and the worn wallet returned to its place in the young fellow's jacket. Its exact resting place was discovered by several persons in the car. It was quite duskish when the train came into N, and considerable of a crowd were jostling out and in. Just as the engine was moving off, somebody in the crowd called loudly, "Pickpockets!"

With others, the young man clapped his hand to his breast. His pocket-book was stolen. He stood perfectly still, paralized with dismay.

A man passing noticed his blank distress and kindly inquired what was the matter.

"I've been robbed right here. I'm among strangers without any money. What shall I do?"

The man made some common-place remarks, natural to the occasion, and went on.

Coming back a little later with a valise, he found the boy—for he was little more—still so bewildered by his loss, that he knew not which way to turn.

"Have you no relatives or friends in the place?"

"I am just in from the country. I am among strangers."

The man hesitated, looked sharply in the young fellow's face again, and then said:

"I am in a hurry; but come along, and perhaps, I can find you lodgings."

While thanking him, the stranger looked in the man's face and recognized him as the person for whom he had made change on the train.

In their somewhat extended walk the young man had confided his exact condition to his companion, so rapidly had their friendship ripened. His uncle had made a slave of him all his life and he had run away. About the money. Of course, he had earned much more, but then—the pause betrayed the fact that the desperate nephew had stolen it, and was now in a state of mind far from enviable. His hospitable entertainer invited him to partake of the evening meal at his quarters, but the pleasure was marred by Jack Doane—so the young man had introduced himself—suddenly conjecturing probability.

"What if my uncle should obtain a clue—should advertise for me, and ther peerlice should pounce down here?"

"There is danger," said Byington, "and you must keep quietly in quarters for a few days."

"But, sir, how am I to repay you?"

Byington grimaced and winked alone to himself, but shortly made answer:

"I think we—that is, I—can find some odd jobs for you. The fact is, the times are awfully dull—couldn't have set upon a worse time to migrate—we'll see, however."

A confidential talk followed in the dingy lodging; and Byington was likely to have matters his own way. To Jack Doane's suggestion to go farther off than N——. Byington's greater experience advised not; "for," says he, "the old man will naturally look further off for you."

The second evening, Jack ventured out during his patron's absence, and at the first corner bought a daily paper, in which appeared a short personal advertisement, concerning a fellow named Jack Doane, forbidding all persons to harbor or trust him, and signed by his justly indignant uncle. This paper was thrust before Byington, but the latter only whistled, and said, "keep dark, or you'll be cooped."

We can only briefly refer to the career of this boy; for you have guessed, reader, that he had been marked for his verdancy and simplicity on board the train, and he had fallen into the hands of sharpers. Time does not allow me to tell you how they led him step by step, finding him, in spite of his apparent sleepy shallowness, an apt scholar in the tasks which they set him.

Byington and his confederates showed themselves out gradually, so as not to frighten the fellow, whom they intended to use as a decoy and tool. From being jolly, free and easy fellows, the hard times seemed to develop in them all manner of devilishness, and Jack Doane went neck and heels with them.

He became expert as a gambler, he was successful in passing counterfeit money in other towns and States, so successful, indeed, they soon had him as partner in their underground mint; and, although his awkwardness, in two instances, when he was perplexingly questioned, led to his arrest and imprisonment; in both instances, with help from the outside, he broke jail, and uncautioned by these experiences he accepted again similar posts of exposure and danger.

Three or four times he had decoyed government officials into a trap, but, seemingly, unable to comprehend all that was expected of him, they had escaped. Finally, in less than a month from the time of his initiation, Jack Doane became an indispensable auxiliary to the Leaguers. Alas! for the allurements of vice!

Only in one thing he refused to join them.

"Whisky?" says he. "No, boss, 'less yer want the whole concern split up. After one glass, everything that I happen ter know runs up my throat as the licker runs down. Ye see, onct I tapped ther gov'ner's clarit ter home, and I swigged consid'ble, but I tole all I knew, even ter ther stealin' ov ther blud-warmer. No, siree! keep yer liquid lightning' ter home, and gin me a pint ov popped beer."

Prudence and safety made them wise. Aside from this, Doane was hand and glove with them. His insignificant self could go where many of their distinguished persons did not dare to put in an appearance, and, at will, he could add a certain clownishness to his apparently shallow manners, that threw people entirely off their guard, until their secrets became his own.

His exploits grew too numerous to mention in connection with other details of this narrative; but, occasionally, with the good luck and good news which he brought them, came tidings of a different nature.

One evening he rushed into the Nest, breathless, and with staring eyeballs.

"The Vigs hev captured Plover, Tone and Slouchy Bill, an' thar's mutterings as say 'tween this an' mornin' they'll be mobbed out and pendelummed."

With a horrid imprecation the gigantic fellow with the tawny beard leaped to his feet.

"How were they caught? Who captured them?"

"Darlingford and a posse of Vigs."

"Him again! I swear I will stretch his neck. Plover, you say?"

"Yes, boss; an' one feller said that they'd give Plover a chance if he'd peach."

"And he will, —— him, to save his own neck. How in the fiend's name did they outwit the boys and trap them? Let me think a moment. What is to be done? Can't we manage some sham parson business? No; that won't go down in this section; but if there is going to be hanging, curse me if I don't have a hand in it."

The two or three Leaguers present remained silent, waiting for their leader to plan the forthcoming programme.

"Jack, I want you to go to Darlingford. Say the warden sent you. Stay! I'll scratch him a line to that effect—that he is afraid of mob law, and he would rather the renegades—put it strong, Doane—should have civil service, if it please you, and he—the warden—wants Sheriff D. to come up and consult with him upon the matter. Mind you say just enough, Jack Doane, to induce him to come—to come into the noose (hoarsely). Do the thing just right, Jack, for, remember, rope is cheap in this section."

This was the first of anything like a threat which the young fellow had had applied to him by the "Nestlings," and a surge of red blood swept up behind the brown freckles on his face.

"But, boss, if he should question—if he should detect the writing?"

"He?—in the first place, lay on your blandest air; in the next, he is too bold, daring, reckless, to show even a vestige of caution. He will come. He will go inside the jail before he finds out his mistake—and—I'm going to thrust a rod into our different cages to stir up the lions. Mind you, Jack, say just enough."

This was the parting injunction.

"Jack says just enough, always," muttered Doane, as he came upon the street.

* * * * *

In his pleasant dining-room Sheriff Darlingford and his family were at tea, when the bell rang, and a messenger was announced as wishing a moment's interview with him.

Darlingford immediately left the table, and going into the hall, met Doane. A word or two passed between them, a slight ejaculation, instantly checked, escaped the sheriff's lips, and then he led the way into his private office, where a sharp inquiry was followed by rapid replies.

When the interview was over, Jack apparently had said just enough, for Darlingford had bidden him tell the warden that by twelve o'clock he would be at the jail.

"He could not possibly be there before, as some dispatches must be seen to, and other business looked after; but, certainly, the ruffians would not begin operations before that time, and by midnight he would be there."

Darlingford took all of fifteen minutes to compose his features after Doane had left, before he ventured to join his daughter, Miss Eveleth, and their one or two guests at the table; and then more than one pair of eyes read, under the affable, smiling exterior, a singular and fierce agitation; but the meal was soon over, and the gentleman retired to his private apartment, where for a brief time we must leave him, to keep on the trail of our other characters.

CHAPTER XIII.

HEMMED IN.

"They are bringing in a white woman who has been a captive among the redskins."

The young fellow who had acted as courier brought the news into the fort, and it ran from lip to lip like wildfire.

"Where are they now?"

"West of Buell township. They will try to cross the plains and get into the fort to-night. They have been two weeks getting in, as the flats are swarming with warriors."

"Who are the scouts?"

"Buns and Dan."

Stannard leaped to his feet. His interest now was of the most lively order.

"Have you any objections, Colonel Dewy, to my taking a detachment of soldiers and going out to meet them? I presume that the woman is the sister of my late friend, Edward Barbour, who was butchered at the time Barbourville was burned."

"In permitting you to take out a party of volunteers, Captain Stannard, I should certainly have to be very emphatic in regard to your using extreme caution and prudence."

"Every man should have those for necessary watchwords," was the reply.

"We are so far out," Colonel Dewy went on, "that a chance attack when our forces are weakened, or the cutting off outside of a squad of soldiers, would almost augur sure destruction."

Another young fellow now rode up, and hearing the run of the conversation, further explained:

"The plains are swarming with redskins. They have cut off the scouts, a large war-party being between them and the fort."

"Who brought in the news to Buell?" asked Colonel Dewy.

"A young fellow, one of, or the only one of a train that started to cross the Staked Plain. He said that there wasn't a shadow of a chance. He happened to stumble upon them in his halting journey, for he is shot in a dozen places, and he tried to get the woman to mount his galled and dying steed, but she calmly and resolutely refused. She saw how he was wounded, and said that he might possibly escape, and she should not rob him of his last desperate chance for life.

"Ride on," the scouts had told him, "and if it was written that he should reach a settlement, just tell the men that they were within fifteen miles of the fort, southwesterly from Baker's Ford. Tell 'em there's a white woman with us, was the parting injunction."

"But I do not see why Buns did not attempt to push on. It is downright suicide to halt so far out."

"He has attempted to push on. They have been five days, or nights, rather, trying to get over the distance of twenty miles. He knows that he is surrounded; and they are throwing up earthworks to protect themselves."

"Throwing up what?" asked Stannard.

"They were cutting up the sods with their knives and making a breastwork of them."

"When did this news come in?"

"The young fellow passed them at sunset."

"God be merciful! and such heroes as these left to perish!" exclaimed the colonel, extremely agitated. "Pick a score of soldiers, Stannard, and ride out."

"I will not pick—I prefer my men to be volunteers."

Half of Company I sprang forward.

"I cannot let more than twenty off. My orders are strict," said the colonel, and he separated off this number.

"Can I have the bugler of the company?" asked Stannard, as his men rapidly equipped and mounted.

"He is absent," replied Dewy.

"But I can blow the calls as well," exclaimed a stripling, presenting himself, cap in hand.

"That you can, Rob," returned the lieutenant.

"And I want to go. Please, colonel, let me have Lowden's bugle?"

"Corporal, bring out the best horse belonging to the station for the boy."

And they were off—riding southwesterly. Hardly a man of them, save Stannard, fully realized all the points of the case.

The grass was ripened off by the long protracted drouth, all the fierce warriors of the hunting tribes were on the war-path. Several furious and bloody encounters had taken place of late, wherein the whites had been defeated, which fact had emboldened the savages to fresh and unprecedented outrages. For several nights past luminous places, showing against the horizon, told where the flames had helped to complete the work of distruction.

The place where the scouts had turned at bay was fifteen miles from the fort, with a war party somewhere between them and the station; and that very party, were it not already massed about the doomed heroes and the poor girl, was liable to start up and confront, without an instant's forewarning, this handful of soldiers.

"My heart sinks with misgiving," said Stannard, as Lieutenant Howland galloped up beside him; and his mind was continually dwelling upon the brave, clear-eyed girl, who had been one of Kennedy's passengers on that ill-starred night.

"Captain," returned the lieutenant, "I am convinced that I heard faint, loose firing far to the left of us."

"I am afraid—yes—forward, my men," and they dashed on at their utmost speed.

They were but little more than half way from the fort to Baker's Ford when Howland thought he first heard musketry, yet Stannard was so excited that he called out:

"Blow, boy, blow, without ceasing; when they hear it it will gird up their souls like a strong reinforcement."

And the boy, inspired, sent out, rising and sinking on the night air, a mellow, jubilant strain. As if his lungs were exhaustless, that soft, high, sweet call rose and fell, with the motions of the gray stallion which he rode, and the two men with the girl in the sand pit, banked up and banked in by the knife-cut turf, returned the vollies sent at them, with cool, telling aim, and they heard the bugle and thanked God for the sound that told them a company of soldiers were crossing the flats; which was heartfelt joy to know, although they little dreamed, at first, that that sweet, cheering strain was bearing down towards what they supposed might be the open grave of them all.

A thin paring of moon and a brilliantly starred sky were the mainly noticeable features of the night; and only a gentle west wind blowing steadily over the flowers and grasses. Why do such scenes mar the loveliness of such beautiful seasons?

The redskins were led by a huge, fierce, infernally bedizened chief, known as the Red Wolf, who hearing the bugle call dashed with his braves to the cover of the shrubbery that fringed the ford, there to await the doomed, oncoming soldiers.

But the cunning of the coppery-hued devils is often matched and mastered by that of the hated palefaces. So, while in grim, spectral silence, they awaited the war-spirit's feast of death; and the bugle blew straight down towards them from a little north of east, the boy Rob was bravely riding alone, and Stannard, with his score of brave soldiers, had made a detour to the right, and by this masterly strategetic movement, fired their first volley from the direction of the sand pit into the rear of the skulking foe. But after the moment's dismay, the redskins, from their superior position, commenced a galling return volley.

With the girl closely crouched in the sand pit, Dan and Buns were able to spring outside and join their defenders. With blood-chilling yells the Indians—more than fifty strong—charged upon the handful of white men; but Stannard's desperate valor buried them back. And in a sheltered copse beyond the creek, the boy hero stood his ground and blew and blew as if his lungs were an air-furnace. He threw his whole soul into the wild, clear, distressed, entreating strains, while half a dozen braves fired towards the ghastly musician, and Red Wolf split the one party into three, holding the front skulking-ground himself, and swinging his two wings, under the chiefs Satanta and Big Elk, to flank and corral the doomed soldiers. Stannard, divined the movement, and believed that they were lost; yet in that moment of supreme danger, to tell the truth, he thought more of the brave-eyed girl than of his own fate. The hold that she had gained upon him in their one brief interview was something wonderful, as all the months that had passed had strengthened the memory instead of weakening it. Must she die now? and in this manner? He resolved to fight until he died, taking his stand close by the sand pit and holding it to the last. Could he have seen Elsie crouched upon her knees: first, because she was thanking God that she could die among her friends in the final struggle; and, secondly, because the brave scouts had asked her to assume this safer position for their sakes; with this resolve, that when it should come to the last struggle—the fierce hand to hand fight—and she had caught a sound of how they were outnumbered by the red fiends, she would step silently out and under a descending tomahawk meet her fate, what would his emotions have been.

An ominous silence, after the last charge had warned Stannard of some masked manœuvre; an utter silence, save that wild, persistent wail of the bugle, and the soldiers found themselves believing that the boy was possessed of a devil. No doubt a half dozen savages were creeping through the grass to dispatch him. Stannard placed his men in triangular form—only a handful—that they might face the different parties of warriors, and stood them thus around the pit in which the girl still prayed.

And just when the wily foe were ready to dash from their covert, the voice of the bugle suddenly ceased, and not more than half a mile away was heard the mournful yelp and yell of the Texas Fox—wild, prolonged, terrible.

The brave heroes had no time to say "Thank God!" to each other, for the Indians were upon them. One and another saw a stream of fire before their eyes, and saw nor heard no more forever. One and another felt the smart of torn flesh, but did not falter in the dread encounter. For more than half an hour it went on hand to hand, and foot to foot, under the calm, star-lighted sky. Only Charon's reinforcement turning back from an appointment to be at Cuyler's Pass to join a caravan bound for New Mexico, saved them; only that ceaseless appeal from the lips of the boy bugler had told the Texan Fox of the sore straits of those who were thus persistently calling across the windy flats for aid.

Dan lay bleeding on the edge of the pit, and many a brave fellow, with broken skull, had fallen dead around him. Buns' face, hands and shoulders were tattooed like the flesh of a South American native, what with old scars and the recipes for new ones.

Stannard was scarcely injured, and Charon, as ever, had escaped without the smell of fire on his garments.

The boy here sprang out of a sheltered cavity along the shore of the fork, holding to the faithful instrument, which, in his hands, had been the salvation of the remnant of men, as only five were killed, although nearly every man was slightly or grievously wounded.

Elsie was assisted upon one of the horses of the dead troopers, and bearing along with them the killed and wounded, they made a desperate ride for the outpost, not knowing what moment they would be attacked again; but fate had wreaked it's vengeance upon them for that time, and they were not molested, and you can imagine that it was a sorrowful night for Elsie Barbour, for five brave soldiers had that night lost their lives for her sake.

CHAPTER XIV.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

The morning after the battle with the red rangers, Captain Stannard sought an interview with Miss Elsie, feeling how anxious she must be to learn all that he knew of her brother's fate, as the scouts had been forced, by her repeated questioning, to tell her of the fearful tragedy at Barbourville before they came into the fort.

I should not be a truthful narrator did I not acknowledge that Stannard was excited and curious to know how that fair heroine would meet him. He wondered if she had forgotten him and his name even? He recalled the firm grasp of her hand upon his arm in the barroom of the hostlery, when she had seemed so unduly excited concerning the

passenger with the tawny beard. He pictured the full, well-developed sweep of forehead, the heavy, curling hair, the clear, steady, matchless eyes, even the smooth, olive cheek, the firm, smiling mouth and even teeth; the springing, elastic tread; yes, he was curious and anxious to know what his reception would be.

One of the officer's wives ushered him into the room where Elsie was sitting. She was seated with her back toward the door. Stannard only took in her general outline. He pronounced the words "Miss Barbour," and his own name, and with a radiant flush of grateful emotion, she sprang up to meet him. He stood face to face with—another—not the girl of that memorable night.

Captain Stannard had been in many places of peril; he had several times been almost mortally wounded; but never in all his life did his nervous system receive such a shock as this; never his heart such a pang.

He unconsciously dropped the hand which he found in his; he felt himself turning pale as he sank upon a seat, with the disclaiming sentence: "You are not Elsie Barbour?"

The fair girl stood before him the picture of astonishment.

"Indeed, Captain Stannard, I *am* Elsie Barbour, Edward Barbour's only and idolized sister; and so long as my life lasts, the while I mourn him without consolation, my heart will burn with intense gratitude toward the brave men—toward you—for rescuing me from a fate, oh, infinitely worse than a double death. Morning, noon and night, the while I live, as I thank God for my blessed deliverance, I will beseech him to abundantly bless every man who so nobly offered their lives in defence of mine. Those brave, brave men, who have fallen," she continued, while the tears streamed over her cheeks; "my God, make me, in part, at least, mindful of the sacrifice."

For the moment she had forgotten the presence of another, but suddenly glancing up she became aware of the sudden pallor that had overspread Stannard's features.

"You are ill, wounded, perhaps, my friend——"

"Indeed, no, Miss Elsie; but I am shocked and bewildered. I surprise you, and I will explain."

She gave him breathless attention while he narrated every incident which we already know.

"And you are so disappointed—the coincidence is beyond parallel. For your sake, I wish it might have been her instead of myself that was rescued."

"Forgive me; I did not mean to wound you. Elsie, I remember that you are the sister of a dear, lost friend. I promised him to rescue you if you were alive; but who was that other girl? and where is she now?"

A casual, superficial discription would answer for both, or either, of these heroines. Both were well proportioned, with complexions closely allied, but such a marked difference in manner and expression.

Certainly Elsie had the sweeter voice and softer manner, and more delicate features; with firmness enough, but showing a certain toned-down, drawing-room polish. The other would well represent the huntress, Di Vernon, with apparently just enough masculine tastes to appreciate and understand a border hero; just enough dash and daring to make a man feel supremely self-complacent if once she would throw down the clear, steady eyes, place a hand, trembling with affectionate emotion in his, and hail him lord and master. There is a likeness to this fact in the emotions of the hunter, who finds that he has brought down a proud, reliant, soaring eagle to his feet instead of the pretty, little, timid singing bird, who would have died of fright in easy captivity.

Stannard was too bewildered to retain any clear knowledge of that interview with the rescued captive, excepting the commonplace remarks. He gathered up his bewildered faculties with a mighty effort in order to feel some interest in the sister of his friend.

"My dear Miss Elsie, what could have been the inducement to bring you into this wild and dangerous section."

"Frankly speaking, I had a double motive. My dear brother—oh, would that I could have found him well and happy," she moaned, "was sufficient reason for my encountering the perils of the journey, and our escort being insufficient, was the reason of the band of warriors effecting my capture on the way. Again, it was his assurances that fixed my purpose. I am," she went on, with a sad smile, "a dabbler in romance. 'Here,' he wrote, 'I should find the stories enacted, or enacting, and should only have to write out the details, without troubling myself to make intricate plots.' He gave me a thrilling account, in his last letter, of two famous border scouts, whose separate private histories he had chanced to obtain, and he said: 'Come, Elsie, write out their wonderful exploits, and then help me in the surprising, wild and real denoument, so that your "concluded" can have the sweet, rare flavor of a reality, surpassing the strangest fiction.'"

Stannard was interested.

"I think that I shall want your assistance in the matter, Captain Stannard, for after I settle down somewhat from this sore and stunning affliction, I shall fulfill his scheme, just as if he was alive to witness it and to assist me."

"I will aid you to the utmost of my abilities, Miss Elsie; indeed, if possible, let me in a measure take your lost brother's place."

Again her eyes overflowed, and her lips and voice trembled as she thanked him.

His call was brief, for he rightly imagined that the girl would prefer to be alone with her sorrow.

That evening, after his interview with Elsie in the morning, he received two notes. Thorne brought him the first one just before sunset. It was concise, and ran like this:

> CAPTAIN S.—I wish to see you. I have much to tell you. Your suspicions are likely to prove correct. G. D.

This he knew to be from Miss Darlingford, and referring to Miss Eveleth.

The other, handed him by a boy, while he was pondering on the expediency of riding into N——, was also brief and more emphatic. It was written in some cabalistic manner, which made it a "dead language" to the uninitiated.

Three hours later, Stannard, to all appearances, on a careless and aimless ride, cantered away from the fort, and struck across the plains. Nothing noticeable occurred to him excepting the dashing past him, when he was half-way between the station and N——, of a furious horseman. The night was very dark, clouds sluggish and heavy, bulging earthward. The pace of the stranger had been such that he had almost ridden over Stannard, who deemed it the safer way to let him go unchallenged, but a strange, crawling shudder went over him and momentarily chilled his blood. The animal that shook the ground with his flying heels showed a blotch of white as if an ordinary handkerchief had been tied across his eyes.

Stannard had heard the tale which was rife along the border, that poor Max Kennedy was sometimes seen by late travelers mounted upon one of his black animals, riding as if the foul fiend were after him; and this was in exact keeping with what had been told of him, for there had been no sound of human voice—no challenge, only the dim outline of a herculean form sitting as swayless and steady as a statue of bronze.

Where had *it*—for so he mentally spoke of the spectre—come from, and whither was it going?

CHAPTER XV.

GATHERING AT THE PRISON.

N—— had no gas fixtures. The streets were imperfectly lighted by lamps, and long before midnight a fog had crept in from somewhere outside and filled every nook and corner. An intermittent wind was driving behind the vapor, presaging a near storm. The streets were quite deserted. A few newsboys seemed to burst out of one fog-bank, dart across the faint path of light sent out by the lamps, and scurried into another bank like an arrow. Occasionally, there would be a lumbering footstep heard tramp, tramping, in the cover of the gloomy vapor, but as the person never came into the light, and the clamp, clamp continued, it had a wierd, haunting effect upon the mind. Once or twice, a nondescript personage, noiseless as a spirit, swam along, outlined against the gray fog, and then melted back into it again. But there was more than these people moving through the curtaining vapor. Fierce visaged men came out from corners and alleys where you would never have dreamed that any one was lurking, and other wild, reckless gamesters joined the silent procession. Their feet made no noise, they moved without jostling, and each and every one was looking about him for the master spirit of the enterprise.

It was now bordering on to twelve o'clock, and these stragglers were moving up towards the prison.

A half hour previously, other men had straggled up to the rear of the jail-yard.

You know who they were waiting for; Sheriff Darlingford. His arrival—his entrance into the prison to interview the warden—was to be the signal of preconcerted action—preconcerted and co-operative action, for other convicts besides the three recently captured desperadoes had mysteriously been apprised of the intended movement.

Just on the stroke of midnight an even steady echo strikes the listeners' ears. A firm, unwavering, decided step, the heel planted squarely, one foot following the other without an instant's hesitancy.

Sheriff Darlingford is coming to meet his appointment—"coming to his doom;" they grind the words between their teeth. He came on, with his firm, decided step, unlocked the gate, turned, locked it behind him, and passed up the walk, tapped with his walking stick upon the door to the warden's quarters; it was opened and he passed in.

From a fog-curtained corner of the yard Jack Doane arose, and with a trembling hand, again unlocked the gate for the assassins outside.

"Stand right here and hold it open as the boys come out," whispered the chief spirit, he who is known in these pages as the man with the tawny beard—the man who in his intercourse with Doane had called himself Byington.

"I will be hereabouts," was the low, emphatic reply.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE REVIEWER
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FROM CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFFELFINGER, Philadelphia: "Secrets of the Sanctum," by A. F. Hill. This is a very enjoyable and readable book, giving much valuable information and many sound suggestions on every department connected with the getting up of a daily or weekly journal. Published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. Also, "A Reply to the Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone's Political Expostulations," by the Right Reverend Monsignor Capel, D. D., in which some of the questions raised in the course of the present discussions are presented from the Catholic standpoint. Also "The Doctrine of Descent and Darwinism," by Oscar Schmidt, Professor in the University of Strasburg, being the thirteenth volume of the valuable collection known as the "International Scientific Series." It is devoted to an investigation of the doctrine of descent, which is now so agitating the public mind. Both the last-named are published by D. Appleton & Co., Broadway, New York. Also, "$350 a Year; How I make it by my Bees," by J. W. Pagden, Sussex, England. A practical treatise on Bee Culture. Published by A. K. Loring, Boston, Mass. Also, "Alice Brand, a Romance of the Capital," by A. G. Riddle. A stirring and interesting story, the scenes of which are located in Washington, the period is the close of the war and half a dozen subsequent years; and in which many prominent characters and celebrities known to all are made to figure. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

FROM J. M. STODDART & CO., No. 723 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia: "Danger; or Wounded in the House of a Friend," by T. S. Arthur. This work differs from "Three Years in a Man Trap," in dealing with another aspect of the temperance question, and in being an argument against what is called the temperate use of liquor.

FROM T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia: "The Spectre Lover," by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth; and stories by her sister, Mrs. F. H. Baden. "The Foggy Night at Offord," by Mrs. Henry Wood. "The Pirate," by Sir Walter Scott, being the fifth volume of the cheap edition of the Waverly Novels now being published by them. "The Discarded Wife," by Miss Eliza A. Dupuy, a writer whose name is familiar to readers of fiction throughout the country.

THE BIRD.

BY E.

See'st thou yon birdie bright,
Joyously singing,
Flies it now forth for aye,
Comes it back winging?

Birdie comes never back,
Birdie may glancing,
Seeks its free forest joys
Where streams are dancing.

Not so the human heart,
Captured how gladly,
Bides in its lonely cage,
Pining how sadly!

Rending its hard chain not,
Festering pain's token;
Ah! when the fetter breaks,
Heart too is broken!

DISTRICT NUMBER THREE.
A WESTERN SKETCH.

BY MARY P. AMES.

"And so you still persist in your determination to fulfill that unfortunate engagement?"

"I hardly see how I am to avoid it, Frank, as the case stands. Had I known that you wanted me, I should have answered the application differently, of course."

"As if you did not know! But you do now, and you belong to me, and I shall insist upon implicit obedience. This is my first command: Write to this pompous school director and say: '*Am sorry to disappoint you, but circumstances over which I have no control will prevent me from teaching in your district the ensuing term,*' or '*coming winter,*' as you please."

"Very convenient, to be sure," the lady replied, laughing. "Is that the way you advise your more wealthy clients in the face of a written contract?"

"Perhaps not. But I propose to put in a claim as guardian."

"On what plea, Mr. Impudence? Am I to be regarded as a child, a lunatic, or *non compos mentis*?"

"The latter, perhaps, for promising to marry a poor lawyer who needs a housekeeper, and has little else but a loving heart to offer you."

"And that is all I ask; and now you will urge no more objections, please. It is only twenty miles away, but three months to teach, and then I will return, to go forth no more as the schoolma'am."

"Well, go in peace, if you must. But you will write every day?"

"Hardly, but once a week, surely."

And the next day, Marcia Meadows was conveyed by the time-honored stage coach to the little country neighborhood where she was to teach a primary school for the term of three months at fifty dollars a month.

It was the custom in District Number Three, in the township of C——, to employ a man teacher in winter and a woman in summer. But Miss Meadows was an experienced teacher, and for some reason, not yet explained, the director, Squire Peters, had insisted upon employing a woman for the winter term. As he had two unruly boys, of seventeen and nineteen, who caused more disturbance, and were harder to manage than any others in school, the other two officers allowed him to have his way, although they had many doubts, nevertheless.

And Miss Meadows went and was duly installed in her boarding place with a pleasant family who resided near the school-house; she had stipulated for this, and the very first evening received a visit from Squire Peters. He was a loud-spoken, coarse, self-important man, and inspired the teacher with a feeling of intense dislike.

"I was afraid you might be lonesome like among strangers, and so called to make you feel more to home," he said, immediately after the introduction had taken place.

The young lady thanked him politely, although she could not possibly see why she should feel more at home with him than any other stranger. Had he brought his wife, she thought, she might have appreciated his kindness.

He managed during the evening to inform her how many acres of land he owned, the size of his house, and the number of horses, cattle and sheep he possessed.

"My children are as good as you often see. The two oldest boys are a little headstrong, perhaps, but they mind me like a mill; and I will promise that they shall never trouble you. Why, I would just knock their heads off if they so much as give you a sassy word."

Again Miss Meadows thanked him, and then remained silent, wondering at her strange visitor. When he left, which he did at a late hour, she fancied she detected sly looks between him and her host.

"And how do you like Squire Peters?" the latter said, the next morning at the breakfast table.

"I am hardly prepared to say," the teacher replied, evasively. "I should have been better pleased had he brought his wife."

"His wife!" and he laughed immoderately. "Why, he is a widower! I supposed you were aware of the fact.,'

"Certainly not," she replied with dignity; "but I do not see anything amusing in his misfortune."

"I suppose not," the man said, a little abashed; "but it seemed funny that you did not know."

"I hardly see why I was expected to know without being told," she replied, coldly.

The first few days passed pleasantly enough in school, although every evening found the director at the boarding place of the teacher. At length his attentions became quite demonstrative, although his gallantries were more like the prancing of an ox than the wooing of a gentleman.

Miss Meadows tried in every possible way, except by positive rudeness, to show perfect indifference. But, blinded by his absurd egotism, he could not see, and at last, after a little more than three weeks' acquaintance, she was obliged to listen to a proposal to become his wife.

"I am very sorry, Squire Peters, to have subjected you to this, but I cannot be your wife."

"Hey? You cannot be my wife? Who is to hinder, I should like to know? If I choose to marry a poor girl, whose business is it? You are young and mighty good looking, and pretty smart, while I am only a fine looking man for my years, some might call me handsome, but I am a modest man, and leave others to say it. But I have a right to say I am rich. I am worth ten thousand dollars if I am worth a cent. What do you say to that?"

"I am very glad of it, and hope you will soon find a woman who will be glad to share it with you."

"But I have found her, and it is you. That is why I hired you to teach the school. I may as well tell you, now we are on the subject, you was recommended to me as a wife by old Deacon Stratton, when he was to my house on a visit just afore school-meeting. He said if I could get you to teach, I would have a good chance to get acquainted, and see how I thought you would do for a wife; and you suit me exactly. Of course, I should like you better if you had some property. It would be no more than fair. But I am willing to take you as it is."

"But I am not willing that you should take me," she replied, stung into resentment by his arrogant persistence.

He arose from his seat and stood looking at her, as if doubting his sanity or hers.

"Do you mean it, Miss?" and an ugly gleam in his eyes warned her of his vindictiveness.

"I do, most assuredly."

"Then all I have got to say is, you will be sorry."

She did not reply, and with a muttered "curse you!" he stalked from the room, and soon after, the house. Miss Meadows was well aware that she had made an enemy of one who had the power to annoy her, and she very little doubted his determination to do so.

The next day in school was not a pleasant one. The Peters' boys took liberties as they had not done before, and the whole school seemed restless and excited like a lake when the storm first approached. For a week she was subjected to the most harassing annoyances. First her desk was surreptitiously opened and some vulgar rhymes written on her schedule; then wax was placed in her chair; a hen was next hidden in the desk, to fly out and frighten the teacher as well as scholars nearly into spasms; then a carricature of Miss Meadows appeared on the blackboard; and all done so slyly that not a clue could be discovered to the perpetrators. The teacher suspected, nay, was almost sure who were at the bottom of the mischief, but she had no way of tracing it home to them. She carried the key of the school-house, and all denied any knowledge of another. And yet some person or persons, evidently, came and went at pleasure. Finally, the key she carried was stolen from her reticule, and she found herself locked from the house.

She went to her boarding-place and then sent for Squire Peters, as the proper officer to whom to apply. He sauntered into the room in the most nonchalent manner, and insolently asked:

"What now, miss?"

She quietly referred to the misdemeanor of some of the scholars, and to her fruitless endeavors to find out the guilty parties, and lastly, to the purloining of the school-house key from her reticule.

"Then you should take better care of it; that's all I've got to say."

"But what am I to do to regain possession of the school-room? I am willing to purchase another lock fot the door."

"No; you are locked out and can stay out. I told my boys if they could turn you out of school, they might do it, and they have. Good on the boys, I say. Things might have been very different, and my boys as quiet as lambs, and everything lovely, if you had not been such a fool."

"Then I am to consider myself dismissed?"

"No, turned out of school by your own scholars."

"I see. But as I have faithfully attended to my duties so long as I was permitted to do so, I shall expect the amount of wages for one month."

"Not a penny, if I know it. You was hired to teach three months, and have failed in your contract, and it is null and void. Clear out home now, and learn, after this, to treat your betters with a little more respect."

"I wish you to remember this conversation," she said, turning to the man and his wife with whom she boarded.

The next stage out took her back to Marshall, where her widowed mother and Frank Barstow, her lover, resided. Two weeks later, a quiet wedding made Marcia Meadows Mrs. Barstow.

The next teacher in District Number Three in the township of C——, and where Squire Peters was director, was a gentleman who lived in the county, but was a stranger to his would-be patrons. He brought the necessary certificate, but insisted upon no contract being drawn, especially as the director assured him, with a chuckle, that they had some mighty smart boys. In fact, that they had turned the last teacher out of school and locked the door on her.

"Smart boys; but rather hard on the teacher, was it not?"

"Not a bit of it; good enough for her. She was proud as Lucifer, and poor as poverty. My boys were at the bottom of the whole thing."

"I suppose you expect me to resort to corporal punishment when it is necessary for the government of the school?"

"Always. You have full permission to thrash my boys if you can. My learning was mostly whipped into me, and I have been a justice of the peace, was elected by a big majority, and my friends still give me the title of squire."

"So I hear."

The new teacher did not appear very strict, and the Peters' boys were soon at their old tricks. A wet paper ball, full in the face, was received by him with seeming quietness. It was the oldest son who propelled it, and who was just preparing to let fly another, when, with a bound like an acrobat, the teacher was over the seats, and, with a hand on his collar, jerked the young ruffian into the middle of the room. Then drawing a riding whip from its concealment somewhere about his person, he administered a severe flagellation on the young reprobate, who howled in pain and terror, and called on his brother to come on and help him whip the teacher.

This the latter attempted, but was kept off, until Frank Barstow—for he it was—had dragged the eldest to the entrance, and, turning him into the street, locked the door.

"Now for you, sir. Your brother is locked out, and you are locked in. Perhaps it will aid you in remembering the locking up business with your last teacher, the lady who is now my wife. Sit down there, and write as decent an apology as you can, asking her forgiveness for your cowardly treatment."

The young man hesitated.

"Not an instant, sir, or I will lay this about your shoulders for her and myself also."

The apology was at length written, with fear and trembling. And then, after a lecture on the treatment of their teachers, and ladies particularly, that the most of them will probably never forget, he dismissed the school, and the term was finished.

His next step was to call on Squire Peters, and demand the one hundred and fifty dollars due his wife.

"Not a word, old man; I know all—even to the fifty dollars you drew from the treasury for the avowed purpose of paying Miss Meadows, and then forgot and put in your own pocket."

"But I—I was going to send it to her after awhile."

"Very likely, after saying, in the presence of two witnesses, that she had failed in her contract, and would not receive a penny. Hand over the three months' wages that my wife was perfectly willing to earn, or I will have you indicted at the next term of court for swindling, as sure as my name is Frank Barstow."

The man realized his position, and paid the demand in United States securities that he had by him. The lawyer then delivered another caustic lecture, and took his departure for home, fully convinced that District Number Three was better for the four days he had taught there.

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

CAPTAINS of ships and ship-owners will be glad to know that green mustard is an effective anti-scorbutic, and can be raised on board ship without a particle of soil by thinly sprinkling the seed on a piece of wet flannel or on the surface of a layer of moist ashes.

TO CLEAN ARTICLES OF EMBROIDERY.—Gold and silver fancy work of this description may be easiest cleaned with a little spirit of wine, either alone, or diluted with an equal weight of water. The common practice of using alkaline or acidulous liquors is very injurious, and frequently destroys the beauty of the articles instead of cleaning them.

PEN WIPERS.—These little trifles are always suitable presents for father or brothers; you can extend them to cousins if you desire. A very comical old lady can be made by taking a hickory nut for the head, and a spool for the body; the sharp, peaked end of the nut makes an excellent nose, and the eyes and mouth can be made with ink. She should have a muslin cap, and a broadcloth skirt, on which to wipe the pens.

BEFORE washing almost any colored fabrics, soak them in water, to each gallon of which a spoonful of oxgall has been added. A teacupful of lye in a pail of water is said to improve the color of black goods. A strong tea of common hay will improve the color of French linens. Vinegar in the rinsing water, for pink and green, will brighten these colors; and soda answers the same end for both purple and blue.

NEVER paper a wall over old paper and paste. Always scrape down thoroughly. Old paper can be got off by damping with saleratus and water. Then go over all the cracks of the wall with plaster of Paris, and finally put on a wash of a weak solution of carbolic acid. The best paste is made out of rye flour, with two ounces of glue dissolved in each quart of paste; one-half ounce of powdered borax improves the mixture.

WARTS.—The treatment of warts is to pare the hard and dry skin from their tops, and then touch them with the smallest drop of strong acetic acid, taking care that the acid does not run off the wart upon the neighboring skin, for if it do, it will occasion inflammation and much pain. If this practice be continued once or twice daily, with regularity, paring the surface of the warts occasionally, when it gets hard and dry, the wart may be soon effectually cured.

HAND DRESSING.—To preserve the smoothness and softness of the hands keep a small bottle of glycerine near the place where you habitually wash them, and whenever you have finished washing, and before you wipe them, put one or two drops of the glycerine on the wet palm, and rub the hands thoroughly with it as if it were soap; then dry lightly with the towel. Household work and bad weather will not prevent your skin from being smooth and soft, if this plan of using glycerine is followed.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Since golden hair is so much in favor, it is well for mothers to know that they can preserve the golden color of their children's locks by a persistent and careful washing with Castile soap and water. The hair should be braided and dipped repeatedly into the suds, and then wiped with a towel, and this operation should be performed once in four or five days. If persevered in, the roots of the hair may darken as the child grows older, but the mass will keep its sunny tints as long as the owner wishes.

WASHING THE SCALP.—"Cleanliness is next to godliness." Everybody knows that, but everybody does not know that a teaspoonful of spirits of hartshorn in a half basin of tepid water acts as a most effectual "shampoo," and cleanses the scalp more thoroughly than perhaps any other innocuous substance (sand not even excepted), diminishes the chances of taking cold, which usually attend washing of the head in cold weather, and with no more danger than might be urged by the great unwashed against the use of common soap.

HORTICULTURAL ORNAMENTS—"One of the prettiest objects I have ever beheld," writes a correspondent, "is a spruce cone filled with sand and grass seed, which sprouted and grew out of the scales. It is now as large as a cocoa-nut with the husk on, and of the most vivid green color. The grass grows with a luxuriance that is remarkable. To produce this charming specimen, the cone was baked in a stove oven till the scales opened out equally. It was then carefully filled with equal parts of sand and grass seed, a string tied to the top, and the whole suspended in the dark, in a jar, with water enough to come half-way over the cone. In a week it was placed in the sunlight, when the seed sprouted rapidly, and in a month filled a gallon jar completely. It has been taken out and hung in the window. Every morning it is thoroughly soaked in milk-warm water."

HE that can please nobody is not so much to be pitied as he that nobody can please. True; for he who can please nobody must be with persons whom nobody could please, and the fault in that case rests not with him.

NEWS OF INTEREST

A CARGO of flour from St. Louis to Liverpool reached its destination in twenty-three days.

ICE formed at Jerusalem this year, much to the astonishment of the Arabs, to whom the phenomenon was entirely new.

CARRIAGES, exclusively for ladies, on the London Underground Railway, have been abolished because the men monopolized them.

THERE is a house in Scotland over the door of which is the date 1178, and the same family has lived in it for thirty-eight generations.

IT may interest those who suffer from seasickness to know that a recent writer asserts that the Atlantic Ocean is drying up. In the course of a few thousand years it may be possible to go to Europe overland.

THE poet Southey mentions that in days gone by the mayors of Leicester used to be chosen by a sow. The candidates sat in a semicircle, each with his hat full of beans in his lap, and he was elected mayor from whose hat the sow ate first.

THE custom of eating fish on Fridays and in Lent is derived from the old Pagan notion that fish were sacred to Aphrodite, the foam-born goddess, and to the Roman Venus. Hence the custom grew of eating fish on Friday, the day of Freya, and in spring, the season sacred to the goddess of love.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Ceylon newspaper states that large apes are now regularly employed in the Straits settlements to pull cocoanuts. These monkeys are imported from Atchin, in batches, like coolies, and are marched round the plantations by their owners, who let them out on hire. A line is first attached to each of these peculiar laborers, and he is then sent up a tree, where he is said to select fruit with great discrimination, and to twist the nut round and round until it falls to the ground. Each fall of a nut is hailed by the hairy operator above with a jump and a gratified chuckle.

THEATRES ABROAD AND IN ENGLAND.—According to a French statistician, there are at this moment 348 theatres in Italy, 337 in France, 191 in Germany, 108 in Spain, 152 in Austria, 150 in England, 44 in Russia, 34 in Belgium, 22 in Holland, 20 in Switzerland, 16 in Portugal, 10 in Sweden, 10 in Denmark, 8 in Norway, 4 in Greece, 4 in Turkey, 3 in Roumania, 3 in Egypt, and 1 in Servia, making in all 1525 theatres. The number of persons who find employment within the doors of these theatres, including every one, from the *prime donne* to the ticket-takers, amounts to 5,184,800, of whom 2,157,800 are women, and 3,027,000 are men.

ITALIAN DISHES.—There are two dishes so greatly relished by the Romans, that we verily believe they would eat of them until absolutely surfeited. The one is a soup called capelleto—literally, small hats—in which float, as the name implies, diminutive hats, made of paste moulded into the form of a hat, and filled with spiced meats; the other, the orthodox and indigenous macaroni, which, dressed in various ways, is always a favorite dainty among Italians. The justice done by a Roman family gathered round their dishes, for the soup in question may be so called, is a sight which does not tend to increase our admiration of, at all events, young and handsome ladies. "Unless you eat largely, you cannot be well," is a common remark among Romans; and we have even heard the death of a lady attributed to insufficient eating. Eating enormously is the rule, and not the exception, in Rome, among the Romans; nor did it appear to us that anything came amiss to them.

SILK MANUFACTURE.—Next to iron and its products, the people of the United States send to Europe more money every year for manufactured silks than any other single article imported thence. Some twelve million dollars per annum are paid to Great Britain alone for this article, besides large amounts to France and Italy. Attention having been called to this great outflow of money abroad for an article that ought to be produced at home, some capitalists in the East inaugurated the business of silk manufacture about twenty years ago, and though the progress has been slow, it has been steady, so that last year the production of manufactured goods, including ribbons, tram, organzine, etc., amounted to more than half the amount imported. At Hartford, Connecticut, one factory alone employs one thousand hands, and produces six hundred thousand yards of wide goods, besides a large quantity of ribbons, threads, etc. The raw silk used is principally imported from China, which country produces annually silk valued at eighty-five million dollars, two-thirds of which is exported to America and Europe.

THERE is in Paris a vast establishment—the most extensive of its kind in the world—where the imitation of pearls, diamonds, and precious stones generally, is carried on with all the skill which modern ingenuity renders possible, and these productions are sent to the shops of all lands. Here the whole process of transforming a few grains of dirty, heavy-looking sand into diamonds of sparkling hue is constantly going on. The sand thus employed, and upon which the whole art depends, is found in the forests of Fontainebleau. It appears to possess some peculiar qualities of adaptation to this purpose. The coloring matter for imitating emeralds, rubies, and sapphires is entirely mineral, and has been brought to high perfection. Hundreds of operatives are employed in polishing the colored stones and in lining the false pearls with fish-scales and wax. The scales of the roach and dace are chiefly employed for this purpose. They have to be stripped from the fish while living, or the glistening hue so much admired in the real pearl will not be imitated. These Paris pearls have been of late years so perfected that the Roman pearl has, to a great extent, been superseded. The setting is always of real gold, and the fashion of the newest kind.

To Owners of Horses.

NO ONE WHO HAS EVER USED DR. Tobias' Horse Venetian Liniment will ever be without it. It is a certain cure for Colic, Sore Throat, Cuts, Bruises, Old Sores. Warranted superior to any other; in pint bottles, at One Dollar. Sold by the druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821 FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D. 1821
Robt. Jarvis C. Walker, Editor and Proprietor.

Saturday Evening, April 10, 1875.

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NOTICE!

To every Purchaser of this Number (37) of The Saturday Evening Post, we present a beautiful picture, in colors, an Oleograph, entitled

"What Are The Wild Waves Saying?"

The originality of the design and the excellency of color and finish, will, we feel confident, commend it favorably to the notice of all the readers of the Post.

Those who cannot obtain the paper and picture from newsdealers can have them both mailed to them, packed on a roller, upon remitting ten cents direct to this office.

SPRING.

Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or calls an icy cream
Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream;
But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth,
And makes it tender; gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo, and the humble bee;
Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring
In triumph to the world the youthful spring.
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the longed for May.
Now all things smile.

After the earth has been rendered desolate by the unsparing hand of winter, the trees bereft of their green garments, the flowers buried in their graves, and the land penetrated by cracking frosts or buried beneath rolling floods, the gentle spring comes with lightsome heart and sunny smile—like a loving spirit from the beauteous flowerland of heaven—bringing with her the golden sunshine of another world, and the joyous tears of angels made holy by the breath of God, to sanctify and replenish the great throbbing heart of nature. She comes with tearful eyes, and sunny feet, and golden tresses dripping from the crystal waters of her sheeny home, to fling gold, and green, and beauty, and perfume over all the budding and replenished earth. Birds leave their sunny skies afar to greet her with their gentle songs; the breezes come from the warm south, toiling their long journey across the wide, wide sea, to gather up the odors which she scatters over hill and dale; the flowers wake up from their long winter sleep to gaze upon her loving smiles; and the broad, green earth exults for its verdurous beauty, and bounds with a lusty and impassioned joy.

Everyone in whose soul there still lingers a love for the green world of nature, now begins to feel a new life throbbing within, as though the flowers of home and childhood were really beginning to blossom around the heart. To one possessing such hopes and aspirations, the return of spring kindles emotions of the holiest kind, and if it is his fate to dwell "in populous cities," the advent is still one of joy, although there are no green fields, nor blue skies, nor budding woods, nor blushing flowers. Brick walls and stones wear ever the same dull hue; the seasons have no change for them; spring, summer, autumn, and winter, ever and always alike. In a great city, the true character of the soul is lost and peddled away in trifles, and nature becomes dumb, unmeaning phantasy. How miserable the narrow strip of dingy sky to the dread magnificence of heaven, when seen from the green shoulder of some sky-cleaving hill; How wretched the monotony of brick walls, compared to the blue uplands, the green meadows, the clustering woods, and the light fleecy clouds, flinging their shadows upon the smiling landscape. How painful the eternal roar and dust of traffic in the narrow streets, compared with the sweet voices, the sunny glades, the green canopies, the solemn solitude, and the life-inspiring breezes of nature!

Well! a thousand welcomes to spring, though she cannot bring back with all her flowers the flower of our youth; though she cannot, with all her poetry, bring back the poetry of early love; though she cannot repaint the rose on cheeks that are pillowed beneath the green; or enable us to offer the first-gathered violets to the dear souls who are in heaven.

It is then that we are most sad, yet happy; most tearful and prayerful; most haunted by memory, and discursive in hope. We live more lovingly, in the past, the present, and the future. There is a spring in the spirit as in nature; and the soul puts forth all its buds of anticipation, its most delicate blossoms of affection; and every leaf of a higher or tenderer consciousness in our nature unfolds itself, and we find that—God and heaven are not far off!

A Good Rule.—"Whatever I have tried to do in life," said Charles Dickens, "I have tried with all my heart to do well. What I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely. Never to put one hand to anything on which I would not throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I find now to have been golden rules."

WAITING.

Waiting! For what? Shall I ever know?
Or shall the new years creep drowsily by
Till my death-day comes: shall I never know why
I was born, and must live out my life of woe?

Is the whole of my lifetime merely a pause
'Twixt my birth that was, and my death to be?
Must I always follow, and never be free?
Am I only effect? Can I never be cause?

Or am I but a link of the weariful chain
Of life, and the sequence of things gone by?
I am forced to live, for I cannot die,
But my life is empty and all in vain.

Yet sometimes I hear my spirit, elate
At the thought of the glorious deeds to be done,
Cry: "Strike! 'Tis the time!" But, in answer, one—
Shall I ever know who?—whispers: "Silence! Wait!"

It cannot be Hope, for her voice is sweet;
It is not Despair, for I know her well.
'Tis like the ceaseless drone of a knell,
And wearies the heart with monotonous beat.

Shall another voice ever whisper to me:
"Awake! 'Tis the hour! Go forward and fight!
Thy probation is ended, and impotent night
Has burst into day!" So shall set me free?

I know not, I know not; this only I dread,
That, ere that voice shall proclaim that hour,
Not only the will may be lost, but the power,
And I may be cold with the nameless dead.

SATURDAY EVENING SKETCHES.

NUMBER FOUR.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

Such a little time it seems since I said good-night to you across the bridge of moonlight between your homes and mine. Such a little time it seems, and is; though in the calendar the days since then are reckoned seven, and another week is ended.

How fast they fly, week after week, away and away into the land of mysteries whither we are hasting!

And they go so heavily laden, too. Not one of us but has given them much to bear—much that, remembering to-night, we joy or grieve for, as our deeds were good or evil; much that will make our new lives in the new land the sweeter or the sadder; much that the dear God loves or pities us for.

If our lips have been silent when they should have been singing, and if, because of that, some hearts we might have comforted have known but desolation, we cannot help it now. If our hearts have been idle, or our feet slow, where there was great, great work to do—and that work waits everywhere—our pillows will not be soft to-night, though made of softest eider. If we have wronged any one; if we have said harsh, bitter, cruel things of those whose ways are not as our ways, and whose temptations to sin we cannot understand, because born to better things, and reared in atmosphere too pure, we shall think of it to-night, when the dark covers us, and the world is still, and our hearts will feel upon their tenderest strings the fingers of regret.

Perhaps we have only listened dumbly while some one bolder than we has, by word or by hint, which is meaner and more disastrous, stained the repute of lives far whiter than our own, and covered with shadows of suspicion names whom the angels honor. If so, God help us here and hereafter, for the sins of omission count, and their name, alas! is legion.

There were words to be uttered in defence or in extenuation, and we felt them in our hearts, and crowding up to our lips, but we bit them back and bound them down with the cords of shameful silence, and the chance to do a noble thing, a just thing, a Godlike thing, is gone, and gone forever.

And somebody's heart is broken!

Somebody is saying to-night, "Would God, my life were ending with the week—my poor, poor life that I have tried to keep so white—that I have kept so white, God knows I have, though shadows are over my name."

Ah, women are hard upon women, and the world was made beautiful for all. "Yet, we cannot be kind to each other!"

All day the rain has fallen, steadily, silently and warm. The ice is floating from the rivers to the sea, and ships from out the harbors where they have lain so long are "following, following after." When will they come again—the strong, brave ships, and the strong, brave ones they bear? Who will be saying some day:

"I pray you hear my song of a boat,
For it is not short;
My boat! You shall find none fairer afloat
In river or port.
Long I looked out for the lad she bore
On the open, desolate sea;
And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,
For he came not back to me.
Ah, me!"

But over all things now is the moonlight, for the storm has passed away, and on the sea and shore are happy, hopeful hearts, hearts that know no fear, and whose rest to-night will be as quiet as the children's because—well, because they have been led in green pastures and beside still waters their whole lives long, and they do not dream that change can come to them.

Let us pray that it may not, for it is such a blessed thing to rest—to rest, to drift, and to dream of roses only.

For the others? Let us see.

We walked but yesterday where snows were piled, and where the winds 'mid leafless boughs seemed crying for the birds. Above us were the empty nests, whose building we had watched last year, and around us the spirit of desolation seemed brooding, stern, and cold, and deathful.

But we know that, down below, the violets, e'en then, were stirring in their sleep, and the roots of the grasses quickening for our future delight and home.

"It is dreary here to-day," we said, "but the spring-time is not far away, nor the warm South wind, nor the singing of the birds and brooks, nor the blooming of the flowers."

So in the winter of doubt and gloom, whose snows are over many a life to-night. No sense of song is near; no token of anything to bud and bloom; no wind of gentleness melting away the ice-walls of distrust. But God's hand hath the spring-time, the blossoming resurrection of all things beautiful in life, all things lovable and good, all things tender and sweet, that have lain so long, and are lying still, in their sad graves under the snow.

Can we not wait a little?

It is such a rest to talk to you. Such a comfort, after the labor of the seven days is over, to fold away the warm street wraps, brighten up the fire, draw the drop-light closer to the desk, and spend with you a happy, happy hour. Sometimes I drop my face to my palms, and close my eyes, that I may see you nearer, and grow more keenly alive to the little things about you, the little things that make or mar our peace, and knowing which, and sharing which, I may be the more helpful to you as you to me.

So, as the days go by, I find myself saying often to my heart, "The week is 'rounding to a sleep,' and I shall have an hour with the dear ones on Saturday night."

Sometimes I wonder if the "hour" will be anything to you. If, because of it, any burden will seem lighter, any path of duty plainer, any friend the dearer; if little trials will vex you less, and the joys that seem ofttimes so little, be more and more precious to you, because through my eyes (perhaps, never in any other way) you have seen those who know, alas! no joy at all. I wish it might be so.

The voices of praise may be sweet, and the green of the laurel welcome, but to have comforted one heart that needed comfort, to have given hope where hope seemed dead, and courage where only weakness was (and to know this), would be better and dearer than all the praise and laurels of the world. At least, to me it seems so.

How quiet the night has grown. Over the way they are dancing. It is

"Only the waltz of Weber,
That the musicians play.
For merriest feet to dance to
Over the way."

but it thrills the night's slow pulses and my own.

The music creeps in through my closed shutters and finds its way to the heart of the bright bird in his wild home till he trills out in a dream.

How it carries me back to the old, old days—that old, old waltz of Weber! To a night in June, to a time of roses. How sweet she looked that night! How fair and queenly, with Marguerites in her nut-brown hair and over her airy dress. How soft the moonlight was upon the silver lake whose waters she watched with him from the corridor facing the west. And how happy was the heart of each!

To-night? I only know they are divided.

"The reason why,
God knows—not I."

The music is silent now. "The purple moonlighted midnight" bathes the city where I sit and the chamber where you sleep.

May it bring repose to all.

"And O,
Deal, kindliest sleep,
With the forsaken ones, dry up their tears,
Let sweet repose
Lap them from hungry woes,
Which feed on their young years.
Through thy dear watches keep
The grim, destroying phantom from their breast,
That all the tides of rest
May flow in lulling calmness o'er their fears.
Deal, kindliest sleep,
With the forsaken ones."

THE ECHO OF AN ECHO.

BY MAY MEREDITH.

"Well, this is what I call provoking in the extreme," said Nellie Gordon, as she threw herself on the grass under a huge oak tree. "Here I've been ten minutes, and no sign of Mr. Staunton yet. If he is not more punctual hereafter, I shall certainly give up studying my German with him, much as I love the language. I shall wait ten minutes more, and if he does not come by that time I shall betake myself home."

With a gesture of impatience, she opened the little gold watch which hung at her waist, and placed it on her lap. Then took off the wide-brimmed hat which had shaded her brow from the summer sun, and threw it on the grass beside her books already there. Leaning her head back upon the coarse trunk of the tree, and closing her eyes, she made a pretty picture, sitting there so still. The breeze whispered through the soft, green foliage around, and played with the curls on her forehead, while one stray sunbeam, stealing through an opening in the leaves above, rested with a shimmering light on the wealth of golden hair, coiled so gracefully round the delicately-shaped head.

A moment more, and she had opened her eyes, and, with fingers idly toying with her watch chain, was singing in a low, sweet voice, the little song we all know, called "Grandma's Warning." As the last words

"If the boys and the girls had always been afraid,
Then grandma herself would have been an old maid"—

rang out through the silent woods, they seemed to be caught up and echoed by another voice.

Nellie looked to the right hand and to the left, before and behind her, and then with a sudden thought, cast a quick, sly glance above. There, high up in the huge tree, she caught one glimpse of a pair of laughing eyes; but they had not seen her upward glance, nor suspected that they themselves had been discovered.

"I wonder whose voice that could have been," she said aloud, half rising. "It was a miserably poor imitation of an echo, but I shall try to awaken it again.

"'If the boys and the girls had always been afraid,
Then grandma herself would have been an old maid.'"

The voice sounded clear and strong this time, and the echo came once more, distinct and perfect—but who expected that second echo, seeming to come from the very ground at her feet? Nellie rose hurriedly.

"Indeed, I cannot stay alone in such a place. Surely, it is haunted, and by more than one spirit. I must away!"

She stooped to pick up her hat, doing it very deliberately, and keeping her back turned towards the spot where she knew Mr. Staunton must descend. A moment after, his voice sounded close to her.

"Miss Nellie, good morning. Were you really frightened by my echoing your words?"

"So, it was you, was it?" she said, smiling, and extending her hand. "Who would have imagined that you could so exactly imitated an echo?"

"That does not accord very well with what I heard you say just now about a miserably poor imitation; I fear you are inconsistent."

"I do not think so; only I wanted to prove the time-worn proverb that 'listeners never hear any good of themselves,' and to ascertain if you were too far above to hear my words."

"So you knew all the time that I was in the tree?" he said, just a little disappointment in his tone, "I hoped to frighten you."

"You couldn't have choosen a poorer way," she answered, naively, "for I know every nook and corner of these woods, every haunt for miles round, and many a time I've climbed up this very tree, and tried to scare people with my voice, for you know they say the spot is haunted. I never believed it until to-day. But did you hear that second echo?"

"Yes; but surely it can be accounted for in some reasonable way?"

"I'm not so sure of that," she answered, gravely; "but maybe we were both mistaken—perhaps we fancied we heard an echo. Suppose we try it again."

"Very well; what shall I say?"

"Oh, anything," this rather impatiently.

He paused a moment—then in a louder tone:

"If this spot be inhabited by ghost, demon, spirit, fairy, elf or gnome, in the name of Miss Gordon, the fair, the talented, and the imperious (a slight stress on the word imperious,) I command and exhort such ghost, demon, spirit, fairy, elf or gnome, to stand forth, or else forever after hold his peace."

"That is absurd," she said, with a slight flush. "Do you suppose any creature natural or supernatural would obey such a behest? Try simply a line or two of rhyme. That seems to be the charm."

"Well," he said, with affected humility, "I asked you what to say before and you would not tell me——"

"But I have told you now, so go on." What an impatient little soul it was!

"'What, if with her sunny hair,
And smile as sunny as cold,
She meant to weave me a snare
Of some coquettish deceit,
Cleopatra-like as of old,
To entangle me when we met,
To have her lion in a silken net,
And fawn at a victor's feet.'"

He said the words slowly, and kept his dark eyes fixed on the bright face before him, so he must have seen the warm blood rush to cheek and brow.

"Of course that will not do either," she said, hastily.

"Then I dont intend to try again," he replied, with a sigh of resignation. "Nothing I say seems to suit you, but——"

"Let's go back to 'Grandma's Warning,'" she interrupted. "I venture to say that will have more effect upon the spirits than your words or Tennyson's either."

"Very well.

"'If the boys and the girls had always been afraid,
Then grandma herself would have been an old maid.'"

The words died away, and they both listened with bated breath. But nothing broke the morning stillness, save the rustle of the wind through the leaves.

"How stupid we are," said Nellie, suddenly. "It seems to be rather the echo of an echo. Don't you see? I said the words, you echoed them, and then they were echoed again. Are you tired of trying to rouse this coy spirit, or shall we make one more attempt?"

"Oh, try again, by all means."

"So be it then. Now I will speak first, you must echo my words, and then we will see what happens."

In a moment it was done. She had said the words, he had echoed them, and a second echo, seeming to come from below, had followed. Nellie shivered in the warm sunlight."

"Do you not believe now?" she said, speaking in a low tone.

"Of course not," he replied, a strange light in his eye. "It will require more proof than that, before I become a believer. Will you try it once more, Miss Nellie?"

"I would rather not," she answered, the faintest of faint colors surging to her face.

"But why? Surely no harm can come to you while I am with you? Do you not think me protection enough, even from things uncanny? And remember how anxious I am to satisfy myself. Just once more, please?"

"Very well then, but it must be the last time."

"Agreed."

"'If the boys and the girls had always been afraid,
Then grandma herself would have been an old maid.'"

For the third time Nellie repeated the words in her clear, pleasant voice. Harry Staunton echoed them, and then came again that strange echo of an echo. But when its last faint sound reached them, Harry had thrown one arm round the graceful form beside him, and was holding both her hands in his firm grasp.

"Little rogue! little ventriloquist!" he said, tenderly, "did you think to deceive me, even when the whole town is ringing with stories of your mischievous pranks? Did you want to punish me for being unpunctual, as you fancied? Poor Harry Staunton! to be so treated by——"

Here she interrupted him quickly, striving with all her woman strength to free her hands, but in vain.

"Mr. Staunton, you quite forget yourself! Must I appeal to your honor as a gentleman to release my hands?"

"You may so appeal, if you choose," he said, merrily. "But I have them safely in my keeping for once, and I defy any one—even that fearsome spirit you a moment ago conjured up—to take them from me." And his voice grew very tender and earnest. "May I not call their owner mine?"

The little hands had ceased struggling now, as she lifted her eyes to his.

"Do you really want me? Remember how faulty I am. I was provoked just now, because I thought you were not here in time, and I hoped to worry you by my changed voice. I was very cross when you chose to repeat those lines; and I am always impatient. Are you still brave enough to take me?"

"Brave enough? Ah, little one, you don't know the strength of my love! But you shall learn it."

"Instead of my German lesson," she said, lightly, though her face flushed crimson, "do not those books lying forgotten there reproach us with their presence?"

"I do not feel reproached," he answered, with a smile; "and I think we have done one thing, at any rate, we have proved ourselves to be of 'the boys and the girls who have not been afraid——'"

"Speak for yourself," she interrupted, a smile dimpling the flushed face. "As for me, I am sure I shivered and shook, and tried to show signs of fear when—that—that spirit echoed our words. Confess, am I not a good actress?"

"Yes, you are a first-rate little actress; but I was one too many for you this time."

And just as he finished, a thin, piping voice, seeming to come from the tree above, mimicked:

"Yes, you are a first-rate little actress; but I was one too many for you this time."

Their eyes met, and, with a merry laugh, he said:

"When law fails me, and I am left a beggar on the face of the earth, I will only have to take my little ventriloquist wife around the country and show her off, to make my fortune."

But a voice, coming now from the trunk of the tree, growled in low, menacing tones:

"Do, if you dare!"

GIRLS—FROM OBSERVATION.

BY REV. DR. BADGER.

That sweet poet, the proverbial philosopher, has put it upon record as his deliberate conviction that "a babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure." At reverent distance would we record it as our own, that a little girl in a house is its greatest ornament. Pictures fade into insignificance, and statues hide their diminished heads when she appears in the parlor, and while she is twirling her skipping-rope, or trundling her hoop along the garden walks, the most artistic fountain feels itself at a disadvantage.

Her face, even when not pretty, is bright and pleasant to behold. Her lithe little figure is as graceful in its unpremeditated attitudes as a kitten's, while her dresses, with their bright colors and gay trimming, and her sports and occupations, from tossing grace-hoops to hemming bath towels, turn the house into a picture book. From three years old, at which period she begins to be interesting to well-disposed visitors, the interest in her increases steadily, reaching its climax as she nears womanhood, and all who look upon her see in her the future centre of life and love of some happy household.

She is quite as full of animal life as a boy, but more intelligent. The people at the theatres know this, and feel comparatively easy when a child's or a fairy's part is entrusted to her. She usually learns more quickly and remembers better than her brothers of about her own age — she certainly takes more pride and far more interest in her lessons than they.

Her brother's pastimes are epuemeral; hers are prospective. The boy, becoming a man, will put away his balls and marbles, but the girl's chief playthings, in new developments, will always engage her heart. For what, in fact, is her staple amusement, but maternity in prospect? Her housekeeping instinct demands and delights in her baby-house, and she will one day devote herself to her real babies, as she now gives her heart and hands to her dolls.

Thus early do the sexes assert themselves, thus early do they show instinctively and unconsciously that "man's love is of man's life, a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence;" for the blind intuition of the maternal tenderness, stirred into action by imitativeness of mamma herself, underlies the one pastime which is the serious pursuit of every little girl's life. Her other toys and games are mere incidentals; her doll is, as her child will be, at once her comfort and her care.

Although it has long been our creed that when woman once begins to vote she will save the country, sweeping legislative hall and lobby as with a besom, yet we defy those of her sex who affirm that home is no more woman's natural sphere than man's. We defy them! The very dolls rise up in the baby-house roofs to confront, confute, and confound them.

It is one of life's paradoxes that although the little girl is easily governed, it is difficult to govern her. She is so correct in her intentions, so merely thoughtless in her faults, so winning in her plea for pardon, and so moving in her pretty penitence that strictness seems severity, and severity, barbarity. Hence the great moral risk of her life is that of being spoiled because she really ought to be indulged; and of becoming bad, solely in consequence of being good. Perhaps it is on this very account that the problem of how to manage and educate her is so far from being solved. Some improvements in her training she certainly owes to the nineteenth century. The rather brutal witticism that one tongue was enough for a woman has long been exploded. Ever widening spread round her the limits of possible attainment. She is no longer tortured with that chip off the rack, the cruel blackboard, and she is let out into the free air and sunshine with a looseness that would have caused her great-grandmother to purse up her lips more potently than "potatoes, prunes and prism." The little, young American lady is far in advance of her European sisters in her liberty, and at the age when they are immured in their convents, or guarded in the streets by governesses and duennas, she is giving tone to society. Why not? After romping with the little boys of her own neighborhood—especially if it be a rural one—at picnics and parties, till they are like brothers to her, is she going to be prim with them simply because she is older; and, of course, wiser and better able to take care of herself? If you think to tighten the rein on her at this late day, you have just returned from abroad, and have not yet had an opportunity of meeting her, driving with Corydon, by moonlight in the park, or hanging round Ganymede's neck by gaslight in the ball-room.

But let us not anticipate. In this paragraph she is still in the school-room, where to do her justice she is generally more ambitious and much happier than Ganymede or Corydon. He chief trial has hitherto been her music, she would rather run the sewing machine than practice even now; but she has received a few compliments on her execution, or strictly speaking, her assassination of some variations, and begins to dream that she may one day "excel." Two cruelties may now be inflicted upon her. She may be overwhelmed just as she is budding into womanhood with school books, as the classic traitress under the heap of shields, or worse still, she may be sent to "finish" at a boarding-school; but the chances are that she submits to either infliction with great gentleness. If, as certain Jeremiahs now lament, the aim of all her training is marriage, she is the last one to be aware of it. She does her duty for duty's sake. She has outgrown her dolls, but is not yet looking forward to their successors. Her home affections and cares, her school friendships and tasks, her innocent pleasures engross her heart. Her domestic usefulness saves her from having, like her brothers, a "disagreeable age;" for though from twelve to fourteen she is awkward and apt to be shy with strangers, it is at that very period that she becomes a new gladness in her home. How helpful she has grown; or if she stays in the parlor, while her mother is in the kitchen, ten to one the arrangement is mother's own. Her father's careworn brow is ironed smooth by the light touch of her hand in an instant. She may possibly call her brother "bub," or ask the price of peaches when he strokes his downy upper lip; but in general she is more amiable than he, more considerate of his wishes than is he—as indeed becomes the nobler animal—of hers. She bears meekly his good-natured contempt of her ignorance of "life," rightly deeming it an ignorance which is bliss; for this we will say as a just tribute to American girls, never yet have we seen one who gloried, as half-grown boys are apt to do, in wickedness. A girl is as naturally inclined to good as a boy to evil. There are exceptions of course; but this article simply records the result of a series of observations, and every one of its general statements might be substantiated by names and facts. As a rule, the girl's influence is every way a blessing in her home, and especially to her brothers. Pitiable indeed, is the lad who has no sister. His home is destitute of many a charm; his life of many a grace and gladness; his moral sense of many a good example. For though the young lady likes light reading, though her mind often runs on ribbons, though an evening party, where she can show her own pretty clothes and pretty jewelry, is paradise to her; though the opera is likewise as the garden of Eden, and though her aunt from the country and that pious Mr. Vangel (the senior partner in E. Vangel & Co., who afterwards failed and became so rich, you recollect), though these persons call her vain and frivolous, she is not to be judged by externals. Her depths of feeling and character are shown at home not in public, where she shows only her fine clothes and—as yet—only her shoulders. But at her worst, she is far less vain and frivolous, now, than her brother. She is not a woman yet. But that metempsychosis is at hand, and it will come as if wrought by Aladdin's lamp. At the beginning of a school term of five months we have received a child, and at vacation parted with a woman.

The change is as irrevocable as it is sudden, and in a few years the experience of life may have brought out all the worst in the girl's nature and crushed out all the best. Many wives, indeed, are just such mothers as they were sisters and daughters. But, on the other hand, the graces of girlhood often disappear in the frivolous matron or the soured old maid. Up to "sweet sixteen," however, it is the rule that the influences of school, home and society, keep the innate "cussedness" of humanity in abeyance; and the girl at the moment that this brief trentine takes leave of her, needs only be developed "according to this beginning," to ripen, as the majority of American women do, into all that is lovely and of good report. At present, her worst faults—she may be occasionally heedless of good advice or careless about "a place for everything," etc., in her room—but her worst faults are a tendency to white lies, either from timidity or talkativeness, and a certain pharisaic inclination to remember what a good girl she is. If you would know what her faults, her virtues, and herself will be twenty years hence—a word in your ear—look at her mother.

STRICT HONESTY.

To get an article for less than it is worth is an achievement in bargaining thought by most people to be thoroughly legitimate and highly commendable. How often do we hear it said—"It was worth a great deal more, but I knew he was in a strait and had to sell, so I held off and got it for my own price," and this by persons who regard themselves as honest and honorable—nay, often eminently religious? The question of doing as they would be done by never seems to have come into the thoughts of such.

It is related of the Duke of Wellington that having authorized his steward to purchase a farm which lay contiguous to his estate, the latter, on completing the transaction, congratulated the duke on having made a great bargain, as the owner was in difficulties and anxious to sell.

"What do you mean by a bargain?" asked the duke, in surprise.

The steward replied: "It was valued at one thousand, one hundred pounds, and we have got it for eight hundred pounds."

"In that case," said the duke, with some excitement of manner, "you will please to carry the extra three hundred pounds to the late owner, and never talk to me of getting bargains."

Now, how many who read this feel in sympathy with the duke? Do you, reader? Would you have done likewise? By your silent answer to the question you may test for yourself the quality of your inner life. Few, we fear, would have thus rebuked an agent who bargained for them so advantageously. And yet the gains taken from the necessities and misfortunes of others are often scarcely a step removed from the gains of dishonesty.

Fifteen Minutes.—The small stones which fill up the crevices have almost as much to do with making the fair and firm wall as the great rocks; so the right and wise use of spare moments, contributes not a little to the building up, in good proportion with strength, a man's mind. Merchants and clerks may find fifteen minutes during the day to learn what goes on beyond the day-book and the ledger. Merchants and artizans may may find fifteen minutes occasionally to gather a hint, a thought, a fact, an anecdote, which they may ponder over while at work. Good housewives need not be so ignorant, as, alas: they too often are, supposing the world of books are for them. One and all of you, one and all of us—let us take care of the minutes—and the hours will take care of themselves. It has been well said that industry is of little avail without punctuality. This is the spirit that watches the minutes, and turns them to account.

Some persons seem to forget that mere talking is not conversing; that it requires two to make a conversation, and that each must be in turn a listener; but no one can be an agreeable companion who is not as willing to listen as to talk.

Good manners require that you should look at the person who speaks to you, and that you should put in a word, or a look, from time to time, that will indicate your interest in the narrative.

THE ENCHANTED PIPE.

BY IDA FAY.

One night, as Count Oliffe was riding through the woods, he was astonished to see a great light among the trees, where was no house. Stopping his horse, he saw the ground open in a vacant space between two great oak trees. Steps of stone led down to two great iron doors, through which streamed the light that had at first attracted him. As he looked, a woman and a man, dressed in white, came up the steps, holding baskets, which they kept carefully covered. The woman and man looked neither to the right nor left. Neither did they seem to lift their feet; but came towards Count Oliffe with a slow, gliding motion.

Count Oliffe was terribly frightened. A cold perspiration started out on him. His knees bent under him; and hardly knowing what he did, he called out, in a loud voice, "Who are you, and what are you doing here?"

Instantly the figures vanished; so did the steps, the opening, and the light. Count Oliffe rode around and around the two great oaks; but the ground showed no trace of the opening. On the next day he came again; but saw nothing. He walked about the oaks, but could see no place where could be hidden steps or iron doors. The birds, seeing him so busy, began to chipper and titter about him.

"What do you want, Count Oliffe?" said a saucy young blackbird.

"Between these trees," answered Oliffe, "is a flight of steps leading down to iron doors."

"No, that is impossible," said the blackbird. "I have lived here ever since I was out of the egg, and I never saw any steps or doors."

"Yes, it is quite impossible," echoed all the birds. The oldest bee or bird in the forest never heard of such a thing."

Oliffe went home sad and discontented. He could think of nothing but what he had seen; and he used to walk every day, and ride every night, through the forest, hoping to see the wonderful sight again.

One night, riding home unsuccessful as usual, he met an owl out as late as himself.

"Halloo, comrade!" cried the owl. "I meet you every night. What are you hunting—mice or frogs?"

"Stone steps and iron doors," answered Oliffe, laughing, "are my mice and frogs." And he told the owl what he had seen.

The owl listened, looking very wise.

"Yes, I know," said he. "What you have seen is the palace of Time. In it are all the treasures of the earth. The man and woman who came out are Day and Night, bringing gifts to men."

"And how shall I see it again?" asked Count Oliffe. "I am determined to find and enter it."

The owl shook his head.

"To find it, Count Oliffe, you need only wait by the great oak trees till the ground opens. Then you must wait till Day and Night come forth, and be careful to say nothing. After that, go down the steps boldly; but at the iron doors there sits a giant with the keys. Beware that you listen to nothing, and do nothing before seizing the keys."

"If that is all, that is easy enough," answered Oliffe.

"Not so easy as you think," said the owl, flying away.

Count Oliffe rode to the two oaks, and dismounted. There he waited many hours, till the ground opened, and the man and womam came forth as before. He watched them in silence, and went boldly down the steps. At the foot of the steps sat a fat, jolly giant, smoking a pipe, while the keys of the palace hung loosely in his girdle.

"Give me the key of the palace," said Oliffe.

"Yes, my son," said the giant, "if you will first smoke a pipe with me. It has been a great many hundred years since any one has smoked with me."

"There is no harm in that," thought Oliffe, who thought, besides, that he should like to smoke out of such a pipe as the giant handled—a pipe with a bowl of amber and a stem of gold.

At the first whiff he saw the doors of the palace open. He did not walk in, and yet he seemed to enter. He saw splendid halls and wonderful treasures, and said to himself that he would not take them just yet, but when he had finished smoking his pipe.

He smoked, and smoked, and smoked, down to the very last bit of tobacco in the pipe. With the last whiff the pipe fell from his mouth and broke. The iron doors swung to with a clang. The light, the giant, and the steps vanished. Oliffe started to his feet. He was standing alone in the forest, and the day was just breaking. Something seemed odd about himself; and, looking down, he saw that he had a long gray beard, and that his clothes looked worn.

He went slowly back to his castle; but he knew nobody there, and nobody knew him. He was an old, old man. He had smoked the best years of his life away in idle dreams, and the cunning giant had cheated him out of entering the palace of Time, after all. Poor Count Oliffe!

THE SAW OF CONTENTION. — "Oh, Frank, come and see how hot my saw gets when I rub it. When I draw it through the board awhile, it's almost hot enough to set fire to it."

"That's the friction," said Frank, with all the superior wisdom of two years more than Eddie boasted.

"Yes," said sister Mary, who was passing; "it's the friction; but do you know what it makes me think of?"

"No; what?" asked both the boys at once.

"Of two little boys who were quarreling over a trifle this morning, and the more they talked the hotter their tempers grew, until there was no knowing what might have happened, if mother had not thrown cold water on the fire by sending them into separate rooms."

The boys hung their heads, and Mary went on.

THE rich odors, so grateful to the senses, which float in our atmosphere, are tiny atoms escaping from the dewy petals of the rose or lily which blossoms at our feet. Meet emblems are those odors—floating round us all unseen—of the influence of "fitly spoken" words.

THE HIDDEN GEM.

BY M. W. S.

Like purest tints of summer sky,
Like glittering dews of morn,
Or scent of flowers on evening breeze
Through latticed casement borne
Or like the moon's pale flickering rays
That pierce the thicket's leaves,
And laughing kiss the sleeping buds
Fair Nature's garland weaves:
So loving, pure, so holy, free,
I trow the maiden's heart should be.

In this small temple still and fair
A holy faith enshrined
Strengthens each gentle purpose there
And makes her ever kind.
Here wells a golden spring of love
To water virgin soil.
Where seeds of hope and trust are sown
To lighten women's toil.
Thus faithful, true, thus guileless, free,
I trow the maiden's heart should be.

Forgiving, loving, trusting, meek,
This heart finds room for all,
Pities the faults it cannot love,
And weeps another's fall.
Thrice happy he who gains this prize—
This home of peace and rest.
This Koh-i-noor of priceless gem
Hid in a maiden's breast.
Most wondrous gem of earth or sea,
I trow such maiden's heart must be.

THE RENEGADE CHIEF!

OR,

The Trail of the Scarlet Seven.

A Romance of the Fatal March.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD,

Author of "Wolf Cap," "Lost Sachem," "Silver Rifle," "Weptonomah," Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER X.

THE UNWILLING FUGITIVE FROM BATTLE.

"I've liv'd amid the forest gloom
Until I almost fear—
When will the thrilling voices come,
My spirit longs to hear?"
—*Willis.*

"Heaven gives us friends to bless the present scene;
Resumes them to prepare us for the next."
—*Young.*

The reader has witnessed the defeat of Braddock, and the almost total annihilation of one of the finest armies that England ever sent to foreign shores. It was a crushing disaster—the unexpected victory of Beaujeau; and the cry of "Fort Cumberland!" continually fell from the lips of the fear-stricken soldiery. They knew that the fort would shelter them; and they considered it a synonym of security.

But all who had fought with Braddock and escaped, the tomahawk of the Indian, were not to be found in the demoralized ranks. Christopher Gist and Sir Martel Kensett we have seen since the crowning act of savage cruelty, the massacre of the wounded, and it is to a third participant in the battle that we now turn.

On the smooth floor of a cavern not far from Fort Du Quesne, a fire burned brilliantly, and revealed rough, strong walls, and a ceiling covered with glittering stalactites. The subterranean apartment was quite large; and the ruddy light of the fire fell upon many white and well-picked bones—the remains of feasts by man and animals.

The sole tenant of the cave walked the floor with impatient strides, and a settled expression of anxiety was on his face. Though meditating deeply, he walked with head thrown back, and with a pride inherited from noble lineage. His fingers were locked upon his back, and ever and anon, as he walked in the glare of the fire, he cast his eyes upon a rifle that lay on the floor of the cavern. The soiled uniform of an English officer covered his well formed person, and on his thigh hung a broken sword sheath, swordless. His belt, made to contain pistols, was weaponless, and, save the rifle on the ground, the young soldier was defenceless.

His uniform was soiled. In many places there were rents—rents that seemed to be the work of knives and ragged rocks; and one-half of his left epaulette was gone. He was hatless; but his forehead was bound with a gray cloth, here and there spotted with blood.

It was evident that the king's soldier had received harsh treatment; but from whose hands?

"I cannot stand this suspense much longer," he said suddenly, pausing near the fire. "It must be morning, and yet I dare not venture out to see. I have given my word to a woman, and I will keep it inviolate. She says that Braddock was defeated, and has pictured to me the retreat of the army. I cannot believe it; it cannot be. Why, Contrecœur could not muster seven hundred men, including Indians. They surprised us, that is true, but the fire of Washington's Virginians was telling fearfully on the enemy when I was carried from the field by that wounded horse. Braddock defeated by that mob! No, no!"

The youth did not want to believe the terrible truth. Framed, no doubt, to deem the English name invincible, the thought of disaster to the able general with whom he had fought was to him too horrible for belief.

"When will I know the result of the battle?" he cried impatiently, after a short pause. "She says she witnessed the fight; but, oh, she must have quitted the scene before its termination. The troops, if they retreated at all, must have retreated with a purpose; it must have been one of the general's strategies, designed to draw the enemy from his ambush. When she comes again, I will know more; but why does she not return? How fair she is, and how tender! She says her father hates my name. When I told her who I was, she started and dropped the cloth she was tying about my wounded head. 'My father has talked of you in his sleep,' she said; 'he has cursed your name when he thought no one was near.' Her father hate me?" he asked himself, after a pause. "What foes have I in America? There was a man who swore to hate our name, but he was Llewellyn Morton. This hater's name is Seymour—a renegade—by his child's confession."

The speaker paused abruptly, for a strange noise had fallen upon his ears, and, stooping quickly, he lifted the rifle. The click, click of the lock followed, and stepping nearer the wall behind him, and out of the bright glare of the fire, he prepared to receive the disturber of his soliloquy.

A dead silence followed this preparation for battle, and a smile was stealing over the soldier's face—a smile for his fears—when the sound—undoubtedly a footstep among the loose rocks that had dropped from the wall—was repeated.

And with the repetition of the frightening noise, the Briton caught the outlines of a giant figure on the farther side of the cave.

At first he thought the intruder but a being of imagination; but a longer, steadier look convinced him that he was flesh and blood.

The soldier raised the rifle with deliberation; but a voice caused it to be lowered a moment later.

The intruder had spoken.

"It is me, captain—Chris Gist."

And the speaker—the giant—stepped towards the fire.

The next instant the young soldier sprang forward and grasped the great hand that the borderman extended.

"I was not looking for you!" said the tenant of the cave. "How did you know I was here? and where did you come from?"

"Not quite so much at once," answered Gist, with a smile. "No, I suppose you were not looking for me; and if it hadn't been for a woman, I wouldn't be here this morning."

"It is morning then?"

"Yes; jest getting kind of light. Why you can't hear the water away back in this hole! It makes pretty much of a fuss out of doors."

"The sound of the falls doesn't penetrate this cavern," said the soldier, speaking rapidly, from the impatience that seemed to be consuming him. "Gist, I rejoice that you have found me. She sent you, then?"

"Yes; and she's a girl who'll ever find a friend in me."

"And in me—Greville Kensett."

"That's talk!" cried the scout, seizing the soldier's hand, and squeezing it until its owner almost winced with pain. "You're talking like a man now. Braddock——"

"Yes, tell me about Braddock!" cried the soldier, eagerly.

"Haven't you heard it yet?" asked Gist, with surprise.

"I've heard vague rumors of a defeat."

"Of a butchery, you had better say," said the Virginian, angrily, for the recollections of the still vivid past were streaming through his brain. "It was a slaughter! The regulars broke, and the confusion became hell. I never want to see such a sight again. I knowed it would be that way. Braddock was a blockhead! a stupid ass!"

The cheeks of the listener flushed, and biting his lips, he clutched the borderer's arm.

"Beware!" he said. "Edward Braddock was my general."

"I care not if he was the Lord's anointed!" exclaimed the giant. "Who but a fool would attempt to fight Indians with his army arranged in platoons? Who but Edward Braddock? Captain, I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world; but I do say that the butchery of yesterday stains the skirts of King George's epauletted fool! Why didn't he listen to my old colonel? You were in the tent when Cougar Dick came and told the truth? but why he did it puzzles me. That Injun is the biggest devil in these parts; but he came right to Braddock's tent and told him what would follow if he didn't keep scouts before the army. Confound such dolts as Braddock! I am mad, captain—mad enough to eat my rifle stock! and if Braddock was alive, I'd hev followed the army and choked 'im!"

The young soldier's face grew suddenly pale.

"My commander is dead then?"

"I 'spose so," answered the rough scout. "I picked him up on the field, and saw that he was dying."

A groan escaped the officer, and the Virginian cast him a look of pity. Christopher Gist saw that there was one man who was devotedly attached to the ill-fated Braddock.

"But my father—what of him?" suddenly asked the soldier.

"That's what I'd like to know," was the scout's reply. "He wasn't left on the field, and I know he didn't retreat with the few that the hatchet spared."

"Did they take any prisoners?"

"None that I know of, though they may hev taken some wounded wretches to Logstown to burn them."

"Great God! my father may perish at the tree!"

"That's so; but if he has fallen into the fist of the man who wants you, captain——"

"Seymour, the renegade?"

"Yes; this Red Dan—the hater of everything English, and the man I want to choke. Not long ago I met him in his own house. He was abusing Kate, and when he wouldn't own that Chris Gist was master, he struck the floor like a keg of British powder."

"I thank you for that blow," said Greville Kensett, his eyes flashing with joy. "Did you hurt him?"

"No; I didn't hit him hard. It was a boy's lick; when Chris Gist strikes, skulls sometimes break."

"If you had but broken his!"

"I didn't wan't to do it; he is Kate's father, you know."

For a moment there was silence, when the giant spoke again.

"You know that the girl sent me here, captain," he said; "and she told me to do what I think best, and that's jest what I am going to do. You must get out o' this place, for he will find you here. He knows that you still live—the girl told him, but he could not wring from her the place where she hid you."

"Brave girl!" ejaculated Kensett.

"Your trail is plain, and he can follow it," continued the giant, "and our moments are precious. But you are weak, captain; you look like you have been beaten by a windmill."

"I am strong now," cried the king's man, quickly. "The girl was frightened at my condition. She believed that I would die, when I told her that no ball had touched me."

"I'll try you," said the borderman. And, having leaned his rifle against the wall, he placed himself before young Kensett. "Now," said he, "strike me in the breast with all your might. Don't be afraid of hurting me. If you can stagger such a body as mine, you'll do to go on the trail with me. I say strike your best. If you hit me a baby blow, when I know you kin do better, I'll leave you here alone."

The youth smiled to see the burly scout firmly planted before him, and waiting for the odd test of strength.

"If I break any bones, Gist, I won't pay the surgeon's bill,', he said, laughingly, as he drew back, with clenched hand retreating to the shoulder.

The scout did not reply. He had planted himself firmly on the stones, and seemed a towering rock of adamant.

For a moment the soldier collected his strength, then he darted forward, and struck with all the power in his well-knit frame.

It was a blow that astonished the scout, who received it with a smile. He staggered back, and, unable to catch himself, finally went to the ground.

Young Kensett smiled.

"I didn't think you could do it," exclaimed Gist, rising. "Some day you'll be able to make my head strike ground first."

"I think I could do it now," said the soldier, somewhat eager to repeat the blow.

"But I'll not let you try it," returned Christopher. "I'd like to see you hit an Injun that way. Why, you'd knock the daylights out of him. Yes; you'll do to go with me."

"Where are you going?"

"Into the lion's mouth. Will you go?"

"Try me."

"We're going to see what's become of your father, and to try to avenge the massacre of our brave soldier boys."

"I am with you to the end, Christopher," said the youth, firmly. "Why do we remain here?"

"Because the woods are getting light," was the reply. "But we must leave this cave now. Have you examined it?"

"Not very closely."

The next minute the light that relieved the gloom of the cavern emanated from a torch in the borderman's hand.

CHAPTER XI.

SILVER SERPENT.

O inconstant man!
How well you promise! how well you deceive!
—Otway.

For a moment after flinging Leono into the river, Lieutenant Dumas remained on the bank. With a smile of triumph on his concealed lips, he watched the girl sink without a shriek, and rise again, struggling faintly, vainly with the waves whose ripples laved the leaves at the murderer's feet. He did not regret the rash act of his hands, for he could have saved the red child of the forest, who had confided with all the trust of her simple nature in his lying protestations of love. He was a good swimmer; he had breasted the storm-crazed waves of the Rhine of his native land—fair Gaul—and a little exertion, the wetting of his uniform, disgraced by his act, would have preserved the life of the deceived Delaware girl.

But Lecour Dumas would not save her. No more would she cross the path that led to Kate Seymour; he had put his red-skinned divinity out of the way forever, and the work he had asked at Red Dan's hand, he had, in a fit of anger, accomplished himself.

The girl was sinking for the second time, when the Frenchman turned from the water and walked rapidly towards the fort. He was certain that no human eye had witnessed his dastardly deed—certain that the renegade was not near enough to have heard the splash.

Not once did the Gaul look back upon the scene of murder as he followed the trail, and when he encountered the sentry he inquired if Seymour had preceded him beyond the bastions. A negative reply rewarded his questioning.

"He has returned to his cabin," murmured the soldier, passing the guard. "I must find the Indian now."

The next instant he had turned, and was addressing the sentry again.

"Is Cougar Dick in the fort?"

"No; he has been here but once since the battle. His six passed me scarce an hour since."

"Without Richard le Couguar?"

"Without their chief."

"Something's in the air," said Dumas, speaking to himself, and for the second time he left the sentinel.

He went directly to his own quarters, which were not far from the commandant's, and illumined his private room with the light of a candle. Then he carefully doffed his coat and examined his wounded arm, which he had torn from the sling that he might fling Leono into the river. Seated on a chest he conducted the examination, and probed the wound with the *nonchalance* of an old surgeon. The result of his surgery seemed to satisfy him, for after he had applied new bandages he dispensed with the sling, and drank a glass of brandy.

"Now for the Indian," he said, in smiling mood, and having extinguished the light he left the apartment.

Straight towards the square or parade ground of the historic old fort, the French soldier made his way. There he would find what savages the fort contained, for Contrecœur kept a number of France's red allies continually around him.

Several hours having passed since the Gaul's conference with Seymour on the river banks, it was now nearly four o'clock in the morning, and the gloom of night was leaving the forest. Already the lily of France was visible on the flag that waived over the forest fortress.

There were Indians in the square. A few were stretched upon the ground; but the major portion, seated or standing, were discussing the late victory, and recounting their deeds of prowness and bravery. Commingled with the red men were a small number of French officers who, taking advantage of the lack of discipline consequent upon the unexpected victory, had remained from their several quarters.

To the many words addressed to him, the lieutenant made brief replies as he moved among the victors.

He sought a particular person, concerning whom he did not inquire until having looked into every face on the square, his own eyes were full of disappointment.

"What has become of Silver Serpent?" he asked, of a stripling, who had just finished a personal narrative of the ambush.

"'Pon my word, Dumas, I do not know—if he is not with us. I saw him before midnight. Contrecœur gave him ten rifles for his part in the battle. He fought like a tiger——"

"Pshaw! I don't care how the Indian fought!" exclaimed Dumas, impatiently. "We all fought well. I must see the Serpent."

With this he turned away, and further inquiries failed to elicit anything satisfactory concerning the whereabouts of the man he wanted.

"Let him go, then!" he exclaimed at last, in the climax of petulence. "Daylight will bring him back; but he may not come in time to prove of much service. Seymour may throw himself upon the trail and find the Englishmen."

Ill at ease, and lamenting in mad words the absence of the Indian called Silver Serpent, the Frenchman returned to his quarters, which he was about to enter when a dark form suddenly appeared before him.

The unexpected appearance was sufficient to cause the Gaul to start and grasp the hilt of his sword; but a moment later he stepped towards the figure, with an ejaculation of triumph.

"Serpent, I had given you up!" he cried, seizing the Indian's hand, which was thrust forward. "I want you. Come in and hear what I have to say."

The savage obeyed without speaking, and soon stood in the glare of the soldier's candle.

In statue, the Indian was not above the medium height. His frame was well knit, and betokened great strength, and his face indicative of unusual cunning. Not a single ornament decked his head, and his sea of dark hair fell over his shoulders like a nocturnal cataract. His nether limbs were covered with buckskin, fancifully adorned with fringe work, and his breast knew no protection save that illy afforded by a twisted blanket of foreign manufacture.

The blanket, pretty thoroughly saturated with water, was the first object that attracted the Frenchman's gaze after Silver Serpent entered the room.

"Indian been in water!" said the Shawnee, replying to the soldier's look. "He get blanket wet, and no wring it out yet. See! very wet," and the Serpent smiled faintly, as his fingers squeezed a portion of the garment, and sent a stream of muddy water to the floor.

"What does the king's warrior want with Silver Serpent?"

"I want him to take a trail for me."

"Is he afraid to take it himself?" asked the Indian, derisively.

"No; but my arm. There's an English bullet in it," said Dumas, lying adroitly. "Then, the Serpent can trail better than the king's man. Listen to what I say now."

The words that followed need not be recorded here. They told the story of Greville Kensett's escape from Braddock's fatal field, which is well known to the reader. The young Englishman's hiding-place was, of course, unknown to M. Dumas; but he told the Indian that it was in the vicinity of the Devil's Falls. This, as already mentioned, was the opinion of the renegade.

"The white man is my foe; his ball broke my arm," said Dumas to his red auditor. "I want him. But, mind you, Serpent, you must not bring me his scalp. Discover his hiding-place, and fix matters so I can put my hands on him. If you do this, twenty shining rifles shall be yours, and I'll fill your medicine bag with the king's yellow money."

The gleam in the Indian's eye betrayed his avariciousness.

"Where is the king's yellow wheels?" asked the savage.

"Here!" and unlocking the chests, Dumas allowed the Serpent to feast his greedy eyes on a heap of golden *louis d'ors*.

"Will you do it?" cried the Gaul, eagerly.

"Who wants the soldier?"

"I want him."

For a moment the Indian looked accusingly into the Frenchman's eyes.

"The king's warrior has talked with the white chief on the river bank," said Silver Serpent, without moving his eyes from the soldier.

"When?"

"When it was dark."

Dumas started, and his face grew pale. If the Indian had witnessed the conference, had he not also witnessed the murder of the Delaware girl?

M. Dumas thought of this, and for a moment trembled; but the Indian did not proceed with the accusation more than half expected by his would-be employer.

"Yes, I met the white chief," said Dumas, boldly. "Ours was private business, not connected with the man I hate for shooting me. I swear this, Serpent, by the cross of my God! The soldier is for me—not for the white chief. He trails his own enemies."

Silver Serpent appeared satisfied.

"Silver Serpent will find the wounded bird," he said.

"Good! Your hand, chief!"

The red hand crept forward, and the Gaul took it eagerly.

"Go at once," he said. "Let not the sun see you here. Who will trail with you?"

"The Serpent!" cried the Indian, smiting his breast proudly, "he trails alone; the wounded bird shall not escape."

The Frenchman was overjoyed; and having drained a glass of brandy that brought a new gleam to his eyes, the Shawnee left the lieutenant's quarters. He passed the square now growing light and left the fort. The wood received him, and like the experienced trailer, he walked rapidly away.

For some time he moved in a northeasterly direction, and all at once halted beside the trunk of a broken tree.

There were moving figures beyond him, and already his eye had counted the mystic number seven.

Standing like a statue, and sheltered from observation by the tree, the Serpent of the Shawnees watched the figures, gradually growing more distinct as they neared him.

For awhile it seemed that the band would unshelter the watcher; but it suddenly turned to the right, and, like a serpent, glided on without disturbing him.

Silver Serpent never took his eye from the trailers until they had passed from sight. To him their identity was well-known, as his manner told.

They were the Scarlet Seven—no man missing. Cougar Dick was again at the head of his band.

The Serpent watched them until they had disappeared.

Then with eyes flashing with indignation, he wheeled towards the fort.

"The king's warrior is a man of double words! Ha! he has lied to Silver Serpent!" he cried.

The next minute the infuriated Shawnee was on the trail of Monsieur Lecour Dumas.

CHAPTER XXII.

KATE SEYMOUR AND HER VISITOR.

"He is a fool who thinks by force or skill,
To turn the current of a woman's will."
—*Tate.*

Silver Serpent did not pause until he found himself beneath the flag that waived over Fort Du Quesne.

When he halted, it was to cast his eye around for the form of Lieutenant Lecour Dumas.

But the officer did not reward the Indian's look, and an inspection of his well-known quarters failed to bring him to light.

The Shawnee Serpent was disappointed, and his anger instead of cooling down grew hotter. Then he began to question various ones about the wily Gaul; but no one could give him any information! He had been seen on the parade ground an hour before dawn, since which time no person could say that he had been noticed.

Thus baffled at every point, the Serpent seemed inclined to give over the search. He strolled leisurely through the fort, unnoticed by the still rejoicing soldiery and savages, until an hour had passed away.

At the end of that period he rose abruptly from a meal which a Shawnee brave was sharing with him, and quitted the stronghold.

Had he discovered the whereabouts of the man whom he had declared possessed a double tongue full of lies?

He did not throw himself upon the trail he had lately made; but after passing the gate, turned to the right and started on a dog trot towards Red Dan's isolated cabin.

But let us precede the Indian, and cross the threshold of the humble building where we have already witnessed thrilling scenes.

The morning was one of nature's loveliest; the summer air was redolent with the songs of birds, though far above the tall tops hovered a dim smoke. It was the smoke of the battle; the smoke that had floated from the field of disaster—the bloody field of England's disgrace. About the renegade's cabin the scene was particularly lovely. The silver dew still clung to the creepers, which a woman's hand had trained over the window; and the grasses in the clearing wore their diamonded robes with chaste pride.

Kate Seymour stood in the doorway, to all appearances oblivious to the scene fashioned with pride by Nature's hands. Her fair face wore an anxious, troubled look, and more than once she glanced over her shoulder, as if expecting some one. In that direction she had lately sent the redoubtable Gist to the succor of Greville Kensett; and in that direction, as well, perhaps, her father had gone.

But suddenly she started and looked at the human form that had suddenly appeared on the edge of the clearing before the house.

"He comes again," she said, after gazing on the figure for a moment. "Why can he not stay away. He knows he is not welcome here. I have told him that; but he persists in coming. *Mon Dieu!*" wonder," and a paller came to her face, "yes, I wonder if he knows anything about—about Mr. Greville Kensett."

She ceased to speak, for the new comer, whom she had recognized as Lecour Dumas, was quite near, and to the polite lifting of his chapeau, she returned a pleasant greeting in his own tongue, which she spoke quite fluently.

M. Dumas, the wooer, entered the cabin at the girl's bidding, and with familiarity placed his sword on the table, beside which he seated himself on a stool.

"Ha! your father is not at home, *ma chere* Kate," he said. "I had hoped to find him here, as business of importance has called me from the fort."

"I know naught of his whereabouts," answered the girl. "He left the house last night, and the letter which I found on the table when I awoke this morn, told me that he might be away some time."

"Then he has returned since the battle?" exclaimed the Gaul, pretending ignorance of the scenes between the renegade and his child, which, as the reader knows, have been related to him by the former.

"He has been here since the slaughter," answered the girl with sarcasm; "but he could tell me but little about it that I did not already know. I saw the fight."

"You, *ma chere?*"

"I saw the defeat of the English, and the butchery of more than one wounded man. M. Dumas, you have led fiends to the brutal work of death. That sword is stained with blood, as good, as truens your king's."

With quivering finger the renegade's child pointed to the handsome weapon on the table.

"Look at it," said the lieutenant, unsheathing and placing the gleaming blade in her hands. "It struck no wounded foe; there is not the corroding stain of gore on its brightness."

"It is stained with blood all the same," she answered. "M. Dumas, you suggested the ambush."

"Candor makes me say that I did."

"You selected the spot."

"True, *ma chere.* The honor of France was at stake."

"The honor of France is lost," cried the girl. "Your king intrusted his nation's honor to a horde of Indians, and they have pinned it to infamy with the point of the scalping-knife. Honor? M. Dumas, you serve an honorless land!"

"I will serve it no longer, *ma chere,*" said the wooing Gaul; "no longer, if I may be permitted to serve you."

He spoke with a gallantry that crimsoned our heroine's face.

"Did you seek our home to tell me this?" she said. "I thought you wished to die on the bayonets of your foes."

M. Dumas bit his lips.

"Not while one so fair as you lives to be loved by Lecour Dumas. Catharine Seymour, the adoration of a soldier is not to be despised."

"I do not despise it."

The officer started and thought of the British captain, his hidden rival. Did the girl mean him?

"Then why is mine refused?" he cried. "I am ready at your command to break my sword and cease fighting your countrymen. But I have told you this before, and yet you reject it. Catharine, I do not seek you by the purchase of gold. I believe I have no rival. For months I have met you here; you have been the companion of Lecour Dumas, whose conduct towards you has never brought a blush to your fair cheeks."

"You have wooed me, sir, when, by a hundred actions, I have told you that such wooing was vain."

"Never!"

"Passion blinded, you may not have seen it," she said.

For a moment he stood before her, silent but passion-tossed.

His face was white, and his hands tightly clenched.

Suddenly he cried:

"Catharine Seymour, your father hunts the man he hates. I know where he lies helpless, with the doom of death swooping down upon him. I can save him. Say that you will be mine if I rescue him from the hands of your father, and not a hair of his head shall be broken."

During his speech the renegade's child stood like a statue of horror in the centre

of the room. There was a confidence, a triumph, in the soldier's tone that made her inclined to credit his words. Was it possible that he knew the hiding-place of the fugitive from Braddock's field, and was her avenging father then on the trail that she had made thereunto?

For the first time the girl betrayed herself.

"How did you discover him?" she asked, full of terror still.

"Do not ask me," he said, and his dark eyes flashed with the victory he seemed to be gaining. "I can save him. I will send him beyond the reach of your father's hand. Consider. He is an Englishman—a brave man—and one of your people. His life is with you. Do not let me take you because your father has given you to me."

"He has done this then?" she cried.

"He has, *mon amie*."

"And you will take me because he has, if I refuse your offer?"

The soldier was struck dumb. Before the girl who had started forward with his own sword in her hand he could not reply. Kate Seymour was herself again.

"He has sworn me to you, M. Dumas? Where is your tongue?"

Then the Gaul found that palsied member, and spoke.

"I will forego the oath to save Monsieur Kensett," he said.

"No! no! make a hundred leagues with Daniel Seymour. Not one of them concerning me shall be kept. Here is your sword, powerless, just like yourself."

The officer took the weapon.

"I will not save him now," he cried, infuriated. "To-morrow's sun will melt the dew on his scalp. You are mine, fairly purchased and richly won."

"But not receipted for, coward."

The epithet still quivered the girl's lips when the Frenchman started towards her with a wicked laugh.

She did not retreat, though his sword glittered in his right hand, and his eyes flashed with the sparks of unourbed anger.

"What I have bought, I claim," he cried, and his hand was closing on her arm, when a shadow fell on the wall beyond him.

It was a shadow of gigantic proportions, and goblin-like; and the startled soldier turned quickly towards the open door.

A savage confronted him—a savage whose face was almost black with anger, and M. Dumas dropped Kate's arm as he exclaimed:

"Silver Serpent! I did not send for you."

"But the Serpent has trailed the liar," thundered the Shawnee, striding forward. "The white chief is on the soldier's trail. He told the king's man to hunt the wounded bird for him. The soldier has lied to the Serpent. Where is Leono?"

Before M. Dumas could reply, the savage had flung him across the room, and was leaping upon him with glittering knife.

Startled by the assault, the renegade's daughter seized the sword which had dropped from the Frenchman's hands, and with a bound, thrust it between the combatants.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"HAIL, COLUMBIA!"

"Hail, Columbia!" is said to have been composed under the circumstances as follows: In the year 1793, when patriotic feeling pervaded the country, and when there were several parties in the field, Mr. Fox, a young actor, called one morning upon his friend, Mr. Hopkinson, and after stating that the following evening had been appointed for his benefit, begged his friend to do something in his behalf. "If," said Fox, "you will write me some patriotic verses to the tune of the 'President's March,' I feel sure of a full house." Mr. Hopkinson in a short time wrote the first verse and chorus, which were submitted to Mrs. Hopkinson, who sang them to a piano accompaniment, and proved the measure and music to be in keeping. In this way the second and other verses were written, and when Fox returned in the evening he received with delight the song as it now stands. The following morning, the announcement was made that Mr. Fox would sing a new patriotic song. The theatre was crowded; the song was sung and received with rapture; it was repeated eight times and again *encored*, and when sung the ninth time the whole audience stood up and joined in the chorus. Night after night, "Hail, Columbia" cheered the visitors of the theatre, and in a very few days it was the universal song of the boys in the streets, from one end of the city to another. Nor was the author forgotten. The street in which he resided was on one occasion crowded, and "Hail, Columbia" broke on the stillness of midnight from five hundred patriotic voices.

A BRUSSELS LOVE STORY.

There is a pretty love story told in connection with the introduction of the manufacture of fine lace into Brussels. A poor young girl, named Gertrude, was dying for love of a young man, whose wealth precluded all hopes of marriage. One night, as she sat weeping, a lady entered her cottage, and, without saying a word, placed in her lap a cushion, with its bobbins filled with thread. The lady then, with perfect silence, showed her how to work the bobbins, and how to make all sorts of delicate patterns and complicated stitches. As daylight approached, the maiden had learned the art, and the mysterious visitress disappeared. The price of the maiden's lace soon made her rich on account of its valuable patterns, and she was able to marry the object of her love. Many years after, while living in luxury, with her numerous family about her, she was startled by the mysterious lady entering her comfortable house—this time not silent, but looking stern. She said, "Here you enjoy peace and comfort, while without are famine and trouble. I helped you; you have not helped your neighbors. The angels weep for you, and turn away their faces." So the next day Gertrude went forth, with her cushion and bobbin in her hand, and going from cottage to cottage, she offered to teach the art she had so mysteriously learned. So they all became rich, and their country also.

If we are cheerful and contented, all nature smiles with us; the air seems more balmy, the sky more clear, the ground has a brighter green, the trees have a richer foliage, the flowers a more fragrant smell, the birds sing more sweetly, and the sun, moon and stars appear more beautiful.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Forgive and forget—it is better
To fling every feeling aside,
Than allow the deep cankering fetter
Of revenge in thy breast to abide.
For thy step through life's path shall be lighter,
When the load from thy bosom is cast;
And the sky that's above thee be brighter,
When the cloud of displeasure has passed.

Though thy spirit swell high with emotion
To give back an injustice again,
Let it sink in oblivion's ocean,
For remembrance increases the pain.
And why should we linger in sorrow,
When its shadow is passing away;
Or seek to encounter to-morrow,
The blast that o'erswept us to-day?

Oh, memory's a varying river,
And though it may placidly glide
When the sunbeams of joy o'er it quiver,
It foams when the storm meets its tide.
Then stir not its current to madness,
For its wrath thou will ever regret;
Though the morning beams break on thy sadness
Ere the sunset, forgive and forget.

GATHERING TO DOOM!

A Romance of Philadelphia.

By EMERSON BENNETT.

[This serial was commenced in No. 28, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XVI.

SUSPICION IN THE RIGHT QUARTER.

As the reader already knows, the first and second day of Dr. Stanhope's search for little Ellen, was without avail; for the first day she was a prisoner at Mulwrack's—the second day a guest of Mrs. M'Callan—and, we may add, the third day drew to a close, without the young physician obtaining any tidings of the poor orphan. Each night he repaired to Sir Walter's mansion, to make his sad report to Rosalind; and when he made his appearance there on the third night, his whole look showed that he was quite disheartened.

"Alas!" exclaimed Rosalind, who almost flew to meet him, so eager was she for the news; "Alas! Newton, I see by your countenance that you have again failed!"

"I have," he replied, sadly. "I can glean no tidings of her whatever."

"Oh! depend upon it, she has been murdered!" cried Rosalind.

"I think not—at least I hope not—but it is very strange what can have become of her!"

"Do you think there is no hope of finding the poor child?"

"Why, the prospect of doing so, looks rather gloomy now, I am sorry to say—but I do not despair. By-the-by, while searching for her through that miserable locality, in which you know she for a short time resided before she was brought here, I met a well-dressed, benevolent-looking gentleman, who had just come out of a miserable groggery, kept by a hideous dwarf, who makes his living by dealing out poison, under the names of brandy, gin, and so forth, to the most degraded and filthy wretches of both sexes."

"Why, I do believe that is the very place which Ellen told me about, with such a feeling of loathing," exclaimed Rosalind! "She was decoyed in there by a hunchback-boy, who told her it was the proper place to get the liquor for which she had been sent by a drunken mistress. Did you inquire in there? It is possible some one there may know of her present whereabouts."

"No, I made no inquiry in there, for I did not like to venture into such a den; but I accosted the gentleman who had just come out—and who, from his appearance in such a vile quarter, I conjectured to be a minister of the gospel—and put my inquiries to him. He had seen no such little girl as I described; but said if she were in that part of the city, he thought it not unlikely he might find her, as he spent most of his time in going about among those poor, degraded beings, relieving their physical sufferings when he could, and talking to them concerning the religion which saves from eternal death. He had just witnessed a scene in that groggery, he said, which had made a painful, a terrible impression upon his mind—an impression that time could never erase. He had, in derision, been invited by the dwarf to pray with his wife, who was dying of a contagious fever. He had accepted the invitation, and had offered up prayers for her soul's salvation; but she had just died, with bitter curses and blasphemous oaths on her lips. On my asking if he was a professional minister, he replied that he was not, but a private citizen, who felt it his duty to do all that lay in his power to relieve the sufferings of his fellow beings."

"Heaven bless him!" exclaimed Rosalind.

"Ay, and heaven will, Rosalind, if he is sincere, which I believe. Would to God there were more like him! for suffering humanity needs the aid of all such philanthropic hearts. Had I not seen for myself, I would not have believed it possible to find such awful wretchedness and degradation in the heart of this great city. After some further conversation with Mr. Sheldon—the gentleman in question—we exchanged cards and separated, he cheerfully promising to aid me in my search. I fear our only hope of success now rests with him."

"Oh, if he do but find her!" cried Rosalind, "I will never cease to call on heaven to bless him. I will do more. Here. Take this purse, and when you see him again, give it to him, and say it is for the poor."

She produced a well-filled purse as she spoke, and handed it to Dr. Stanhope, who promised compliance with her request.

"How is it," he said, reflectively, "that there can be so many starving poor in a city so noted as this for the benevolence of its citizens?"

"It is, perhaps, because those who have the means to relieve distress, do not reside in a quarter where it comes under their notice," suggested Rosalind.

"Ay, that must be it," he rejoined. "Yes, it must be so. I will think so, at all events; for to think otherwise, is to lose faith in humanity. "Ah!" he exclaimed, suddenly—"by-the-by, you did not tell me the surname of Ellen; and somehow I have always forgotten to inquire since I first asked you—it may be of much importance to Mr. Sheldon."

"As I told you before, Newton, she went by no other name than Ellen, while with us," replied Rosalind, with some embarrassment.

"But, surely, you know her name?" he rejoined, in a tone of surprise, looking her full in the face.

"I do know her name," she replied; "but it is a name that I would not dare to pronounce in the hearing of my father."

"Indeed."

"Nor would I have one of the servants hear it. You think this strange, Newton, and I cannot explain it. But I will trust you with the name; and you will promise me not to mention it again in this dwelling, for fear it might reach my father's ears."

"Certainly, Rosalind," he replied; "I will withhold the name, if it be your desire."

"It is. Some time I may be able to satisfy your curiosity—but not now." She looked quickly around the splendid apartment, and added, in a low tone: "Her last name is Norbury."

"Norbury?" exclaimed the young physician, half starting from his seat. "Ellen Norbury!"

"Have you then heard of the name before?" said Rosalind, quickly, in her turn greatly surprised.

"Speak, Rosalind! Was her father an artist?" he demanded, flushed with excitement.

"Yes."

"Did he ever reside in Dublin?"

"Yes."

"Good heavens! how strange! Ah, I fear I see it all! the worst—the worst! Oh, that I had known this at first. It may now be too late."

"You surprise—alarm me, Newton! What is it?" cried Rosalind.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the other, springing up from his seat, "I must go at once."

"Go where! what is it? Oh, I beseech you, tell me, Newton?" cried Rosalind, also rising in considerable agitation.

"I must be quick, then." And he looked at his watch. "You remember when our house was entered by a burglar, some two or three months ago?"

"Yes, yes!"

"The thief carried off little, thanks to our poverty; but he broke open my father's escritoir, and among other things, took away a certain paper, that may, for aught I know, have a great bearing upon the mysterious disappearance of this little girl."

"How, Newton? speak!" almost gasped Rosalind.

"That paper, forwarded to my father from a friend in Ireland, traced out the descent of the Welden Estate, through several generations, to the present holder, and named three heirs presumptive, the first legally claiming on the death of the holder, the second on the death of the first, and the third on the death of the first and second."

"But what has this to do with Ellen?" cried Rosalind, anxiously.

"I am hastening to tell you. The present holder of this estate is John De Carp Montague, a gentleman well advanced in years; the first heir presumptive, Ellen Norbury; the second, the wife of Deacon Pinchbeck; the third, my mother."

"Indeed. Well?" gasped Rosalind.

"If Ellen Norbury were out of the way, you perceive, Pinchbeck's wife would be next in succession."

"Yes, yes; I understand, Newton—go on!"

"Deacon Pinchbeck, from what I know of him, is not any too good to put her out of the way, if he dared."

"Well! well!"

"This robber, whoever he was, may have known the old scoundrel of a deacon—for if he don't consort with thieves, it is not from being too honest—and may have shown him this paper."

"Yes! yes!"

"The burglar may have heard or known something of this child, from her having been in those vile haunts I have mentioned, and he and the deacon may have plotted together to get her in their possession."

"You horrify me, Newton—but go on!"

"It is possible she may have been traced to this house, and the burglar have prowled around, watching an opportunity to kidnap her."

"Well?"

"That opportunity may have presented itself the night you were away."

"Great Heaven! Well?"

"If my surmises are correct, we must prepare ourselves for the worst."

"Merciful God!" almost shrieked Rosalind: "you think, then, she has been murdered?"

"I fear so. But I am now going to ascertain if my suspicions are well founded."

"Where are you going?"

"To the house of Deacon Pinchbeck. I will see him—I will mention her name. If he quail, I will boldly accuse him. He is too great a coward, and too shallow a villain, to conceal his crime from me, if criminal he be; and if I find him guilty, I will see that he swings before a year rolls around."

"But it may not be too late, even now!" cried Rosalind, wringing her hands in her excitement. "If the crime is contemplated, and not committed, you may save her yet! Oh! fly! fly! there is not a moment to be lost!"

"So think I. Adieu! You shall soon hear from me again."

"Oh! take care of yourself!" cried Rosalind, forgetting, in her anxiety, how much she was betraying the true state of her heart.

The young physician turned and caught the glance of her soft blue eye—saw the generous blood spring upward to her very temples, as she reflected on her expression—and, with his own features flushing, and his heart throbbing with strange emotions, he rejoined:

"Thank you, Rosalind! I will remember."

The next moment he had gone; and Rosalind, pale and trembling, and agitated by wild, conflicting feelings, stood gazing on the door through which he had disappeared.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PRICE OF BLOOD.

Deacon Absalom Pinchbeck was seated in his back-parlor, in front of his writing-desk. It was an early hour of the same evening of the *tete-a-tete* between Newton Stanhope and Rosalind Clendennan, as described in the preceding chapter, and the night following the recapture of little Ellen by the burglar. The lighted gas, just in front of the worthy deacon, poured a bright light upon his pale face, and clearly revealed an expression that would have perplexed an experienced physiognomist. It was an expression that seemed to denote a pitched battle between grasping avarice and paltry cowardice; and during the continuance of the strife, each combatant by turns appeared to get the upper hand of his antagonist. Occasionally there would be a kind of resolute twinkle of the small gray eyes, and a thin, meagre, half-starved, sardonic smile, would peep out around the sensual mouth, make a timid advance, and beat a hasty retreat. Then the eyes would enlarge, and look frightened, the under jaw would drop a little, and the thick, nether lip would turn ashy, hesitate, and grow tremulous.

The deacon was alone, so far as having a human companion—but dark, guilty thoughts were with him; and each thought seemed to be attended by a fearful spectre, whose presence could be felt rather than seen; for every now and then the deacon would look hurriedly around, as if half-expecting some frightful apparition in a tangible shape; and even his own shadow on the wall, more than once caused him to start with a nervous thrill of terror.

There was a dirty little scrap of paper lying on the open lid of the desk before him; and he picked it up, and read it for the twentieth time. There was nothing very remarkable in the words it contained; but the writing itself looked like crow-tracks, and the spelling was such as no orthographer has sanctioned. It appeared to have a charm for the worthy deacon, however; and so we transcribe it, *verbatim et literatim:*

"sur she's found i hes gott wich is a nuf git thay dow ridde see yu Ternite tin thowson git gold furm

Yu No hoo."

"Yes, it must be that he has got the girl again," mused the Deacon; "this could have come from nobody but Mulwrack. What a hardened scoundrel he is—to charge such an enormous sum for such a trifle. I've got a notion not to give it—it takes every cent I can raise, without selling a house or a piece of land. Confound the thing! if I hadn't told him I'd do it, like a fool, I could have got him to do it for less—I know I could. I'm always just such a fool when I get anxious—always getting swindled and cheated. And then, if it really should turn out nothing after all, I never should sleep again, for thinking of those ten thousand. I've the money here, all counted," he continued, tapping a drawer. "I thought it was just as well to have it on hand, even if I shouldn't pay it out. Confound the thing! suppose he should bungle, or the affair get wind!" The Deacon stopped and shuddered. "No, no, I'd better not; no, I won't, for I might not get the fortune after all. I have half a notion to tell my wife, and get her advice. No, I won't tell her—women can't keep secrets—and Mrs. Pinchbeck might box my ears. Confound the thing! I'll surprise her with the fortune, and see her stare—that is—that is, I mean, if I conclude to do it. Well, I don't know, I don't know. I'll wait and hear what the scoundrel says, before I decide. Oh, if the Lord would only take the child, and save me the ten thousand—and—and—the other!"

Here the Deacon tumbled over some loose papers on his desk, got his cash-book, made a few entries, looked at his watch, and was about to leave the room, to go and see his little boy, who had gone to bed, suffering from what was supposed to be the effects of a severe cold, when his eye chanced upon an evening paper, lying on the table.

"Ah!" he said, picking it up; "I must just glance at the foreign news."

He again seated himself at the desk, and for a few minutes very quietly ran his eye over the intelligence by the last European steamer. Suddenly he gave a violent start, and uttered an exclamation of profound astonishment. Then clutching the paper, as a miser would his purse, while his whole frame trembled, he eagerly, with distended eyes, re-read the paragraph which had been the innocent cause of such a heavy shock to his nervous system.

"Well," he said, looking up at the wall, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, "who *would* have thought it?"

As the wall made no reply to this, he repeated the observation, and then re-read the paragraph. Then looking up at the wall again, he exclaimed:

"Well, I *never!*"

This was said so seriously, with such emphatic earnestness, that any one, to have heard it, must have felt convinced that the worthy deacon spoke the truth, and that in fact he had "never."

Just at this juncture the door was thrown quickly open, and Mrs. Pinchbeck sailed in, with the stately majesty of a queen, and with a heavy frown presiding over the angles of the crows'-feet. From that clouded brow, the deacon readily conjectured that a matrimonial storm was about to burst upon his devoted head; and he hastened to fortify himself against it, by jumping up and placing his chair between himself and his rouge-blooming companion.

"Yes, you may well dodge, you unfeeling brute," cried the amiable Mrs. Pinchbeck, in a towering passion. "If I get to you, I'll make your ears ring, I promise you."

"What have I done, my dear?" whined the trembling deacon, keeping his eyes warily upon his bigger and better half, just as a pugilist would watch his opponent, in order to dodge his blow.

"Done!" half shrieked the enraged better-half, "you've done nothing. You're a fool! a knave! an idiot! an unfeeling, ugly brute! There is poor Nelson upstairs a dying, and you haven't been near him. I only hope he may live to strangle his beast of a father."

"Thank you, my dear, but if he's *dying*, he *won't*, you know." Deacon Pinchbeck was not in a mood for jesting, but this half-jocular expression was compelled out of him, as it were, by the force of circumstances. "But is the child really sick, my love?" he hastened to inquire, with an anxious, troubled look.

"Come and see, if you want to know, if you *care* to know, you brutish, lazy drone!" replied Mrs. Pinchbeck, leading the way out of the apartment, in the same stately manner in which she had sailed into it.

The deacon was agitated by so many contending emotions that he was obliged to steady himself by the railing, as he ascended the stairs behind his queenly wife. On entering the sleeping apartment of his son, he found he had some fever, and perceived a difficulty in his breathing, but attributing both to the effects of an ordinary cold, he merely said:

"Oh, poh! poh! my dear, there is nothing the matter—nothing serious, I mean; he will be well in the morning; I have some important business to attend to; excuse me, I will go and pray for him;" and Deacon Pinchbeck, with a bow and a scrape, retired, and Mrs. Deacon Pinchbeck threw herself upon the bed, alongside of her son, in a fit of sullen anger.

No sooner had the deacon reached the back-parlor again than he hurried to the light, and again feasted his eyes upon the paragraph which he had already read some three or four times. It was a little singular, certainly, that those few lines should have been found there by him, at just such a time, and seemed, to say the least, a peculiar coincidence. The paragraph alluded to ran as follows:

"John De Carp Montague, of Welden Park, the last possessor of what is known as the Welden Estate, was taken suddenly ill on the 10th ult., and expired within twenty-four hours, deeply regretted by a large circle of friends. What is a little curious, no heir to this immense estate, which is said to be worth, at the very least, some ten thousand pounds per annum, has as yet been found. It is supposed that the fortunate inheritor is somewhere in the United States, perhaps in indigent circumstances."

It will be readily perceived that this public announcement, corroborating as it did the statement set forth by the mysterious paper in the possession of the burglar, made a powerful impression upon the mind of one as grasping and avaricious as Deacon Pinchbeck. The great doubt of positive inheritance, which had thus far kept in check the guilty design of his soul, was now removed, and he was ready to stain his hands with the innocent blood of the helpless little orphan, to secure the fortune within his grasp. He never doubted that the paper referred to contained a statement of facts, for the family of Stanhope was known to him, and he knew there was some kind of relationship between Mrs. Stanhope and his wife; but so long as John De Carp Montague might live, he could not be benefited by the death of Ellen Norbury, and this made him hesitate. But here seemed a positive certainty—remove Ellen, and his wife was the next legal claimant—and what was the obstacle to be overcome, when compared with the result?

"And even if the crime should be found out," he reasoned, "and it should be proved that I was accessory before the fact—which is hardly possible—and yet admit all this for the sake of argument—what could the law do with a man worth fifty thousand dollars a year? Poh! poh! the idea of anything very dangerous is absurd. And even then, admitting that the worst should come to the worst, would not Nelson be the heir after his mother, and should I fail to make such a trifling venture for my dear son? I'll do it—yes, I'll do it. It can't surely be any great crime to put that little girl out of the way, if one only looks at it in the right light. She is miserable here, of course, and who knows but the Lord would look upon it as an act of charity, to put her out of her misery. It must be a good act, and the more I think of it, the more I feel convinced that it is. She's got no family to leave behind her, she's got no friends or relations to mourn her loss, she is certainly unhappy in this world, and so what is to hinder it being a good act to send her to the next? And then Mulwrack is shrewd, cunning, and, no doubt, honest in his way, so that, should even he be detected, which is hardly probable, I do not think he would blow on me, considering I pay him his price. Confound the thing! I'll do it—yes, I'll do it. Nothing venture, nothing have, is a true maxim, in some cases, and I'll make the venture."

Scarcely had Deacon Pinchbeck finished his soliloquy, when he heard the street bell ring, and starting to his feet, he made an effort to appear composed and indifferent, and hastened out of the room.

"I'll answer the bell myself, Catharine," he called to the servant, whom he heard ascending the kitchen stairs, and proceeding to the door, he leisurely opened it.

As he had expected, James Mulwrack, the burglar, stood before him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CROMWELL AND THE SHOEMAKER.

When Cromwell entered Glasgow, in 1650, he attended divine service in the High Church; but the Presbyterian divine who officiated, poured forth, with more zeal than prudence, the vial of his indignation upon the person, principles, and cause of the independent general. One of Cromwell's officers rose and whispered to his commander, who seemed to give him a short and stern answer, and the sermon was concluded without interruption. Among the crowd that were associated to gaze at the general, as he came out of the church, was a shoemaker, the son of James the Sixth's Scottish footman. This man had been born and bred in England, but after his father's death had settled in Glasgow. Cromwell eyed him among the crowd, and immediately called him by his name. The man fled; but at Cromwell's command one of his retinue followed him, and brought him to the general's lodgings. A number of the inhabitants remained at the door, waiting the end of this extraordinary scene. The shoemaker soon came out in high spirits, and showing some gold, declared he was going to drink Cromwell's health. Many attended him to hear the particulars of his interview, among others, the grandfather of the narrator. The shoemaker said he had been a playfellow of Cromwell's, when they were both boys, their parents residing in the same street; that he had fled when the general first called him, thinking he might owe him some ill-will, on account of his father being in the service of the royal family. He added, that Cromwell had been so very kind and familiar with him that he ventured to ask him what the officer had said to him in church. "He proposed," said Cromwell, "to pull forth the minister by the ears; and I answered, that the preacher was one fool and he another."

DISAPPOINTMENT.—Out of Pandora's box flew all the ills of earth; and among those other evil ones which ever since, harpy-like, have preyed on human happiness, defiling and despoiling, came Disappointment, with her cruel sneer and mocking laugh, the child of hope, and the mother of despair—she who sends men mad with pain, and who ruins lives as blight and frost destroys the summer flowers. And yet, more than all the rest, this terrible schoolmistress of sorrow has proved a melancholy blessing in her sad disguise, because helping to break the magic spell of man's content as nothing else can, and so lifting the soul from earth to heaven—if by pain, yet with power.

FACETIÆ

A REASON FOR CALLING.—Visitor (naively.) "Well, I certainly never dreamt of finding you at home on such a lovely afternoon as this."

"WILL the boy who threw that pepper on the stove come up here and get a present of a nice book," said a Sunday-school superintendent in Iowa. But the boy never moved; he was a far-seeing boy.

"SHE is a perfect Amazon," said a pupil in one of our schools of his teacher yesterday, to a companion. "Yes," said the other, who was better versed in geography than history, "I noticed she had an awful big mouth."

SAYS a wife to her husband, as the curtain descends on the prostrate form of Juliet—"Ah, when we were married you vowed that were I taken from you, you would kill yourself on my tomb, as Juliet did on Romeo's. You wouldn't do so now." "Only kill yourself, my dear, only kill yourself," replies the husband, "and see whether I would not keep my vow."

A CERTAIN BISHOP in the House of Lords rose to speak, and announced that he should divide what he had to say into twelve parts, when the Duke of Wharton interrupted him, and begged he might be indulged for a few minutes, as he had a story to tell which he could only introduce at that moment. "A drunken fellow was passing by St. Paul's at night, and heard the clock slowly chiming twelve. He counted the strokes, and when it had finished looked towards the clock and said, 'Hang you! Why couldn't you give us all that at once?'" There was an end of the bishop's story.

ENGLISH TAUGHT IN ONE LESSON.—At many of the New York restaurants a very heavy "French style" is put on; the waiters are mostly Frenchmen, and the bill of fare is often printed in French. A correspondent writes that, venturing out early one morning in New York, he dropped into the first restaurant he came to, which happened to be one of the kind spoken of above.

Carelessly giving an order, the waiter, bringing his shoulders up under his ears, responded:

"Je n' parle pas Anglais, M'sieur;" and the hungry man had to point out his wants on the bill of fare, with which, after considerable delay, he was served.

Just here entered another customer, a tall, powerful fellow, evidently fresh from the Western prairies, who, settling himself into a chair, ordered, "Beef-steak, fried potatoes, hot bread 'n cup o' coffee."

To him the grinning Frenchman repeated the same formula.

"Je n' parle pas Anglais, M'sieur."

The Western man looked at him for a moment, and then, rising from his seat like the opening of a big jack-knife with a stiff spring, he slowly ejaculated, as he clenched a wicked-looking fist:

"Beef-steak — fried potatoes — hot bread—cup of coffee—— —— quick."

The effect on the waiter was magical. There never was a man served more promptly with just what he ordered for breakfast than the hungry Westerner.

He evidently knew the way of putting *his* English so that there was no mistaking it.

OUR OWN SPHINX

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

1. Vapine Pills.
2. He can peg on.
3. Sitka Peril.
4. Card praised.
5. A top again.
6. Cain's mute.
7. Bread leg.
8. One clog.
9. Sob Sara.
10. A dime.
11. Witty rebels.
12. A frail coin.
13. A fennel lot.
14. I say-basin.
15. Silver sale.
16. I load Nina.
17. Go as a rat.
18. Its soul.
19. Henri.
20. Geo S.

GAHMER.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A vowel. 2. A female name. 3. Very near. 4. Elevated. 5. Together. 6. Youth. 7. An esculent root. 8. Even. 9. Farewell. 10. A unit. 11. A vowel. The centrals down and across form what should be a happy period of life.

FORT TOTTEN.

ENIGMA.

Set your mind to find me out,
For I'm everywhere about;
In the city, in the town,
Shar'd by nobleman and clown;
By the young, and by the old;
By the timid and the bold;
Or the maiden and the youth;
Or by tottering age, in sooth!
To be just, without me, none
Could their course of being run;
Nor be competent to prove,
Joy, affection, truth, or love;
Yet I am us'd in many a way;
Myriads lose me every day,
Man, and beast, and bird, and fish,
With, and some without, the wish;
Perfect still am I, no doubt,
If we knew the secret out;
Competent, in that it is
One of our being's destinies;
And clearly proved, in every way,
The passage to eternity.

C. B. GILBERT.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

"Those who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bleeding nose;"
Than this no proverb can be truer.
"Prevention's better far than cure."

First find a "trin juncta in uno;"
This must be done ere to sea you go;
I exercise this to cover the riddle;
In fighting I aid, and playing the fiddle;
This you're at liberty freely to choose;
Last I'm a festival, not of the Jews.

G. T. BELL.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 40.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 34, Vol. 54.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

P
CAT
PARIS
PORTENT
PARTRIDGE
HALIBUT
INDIA
AGA
E

ENIGMA.—Air.

VERBAL PUZZLE.—Prosperity.

METAGRAM.—Fiddle, Riddle, Middle.

TRUE LOVE CAN NEVER DIE

BY HOWARD W. LONG.

The form may lose its native grace,
And age will dim the eye;
The cheek may lose the hue of health,
But love can never die.
No change which time's unsparing hand
May mark on form or face,
Can touch the heart—love's image there
Time never can efface.

Adversity will also prove
The love that's lasting-true.
No freak of fortune weakens it—
'Twill strengthen it anew.
True love will shine through weal or woe;
Nor falter in its truth—
Two hearts thus loving, beat as one,
Though age has conquered youth.

In heaven, as on earth, true love
Can never changes know:
In heaven, as on earth, 'twill burn
With bright and cheerful glow.
Though death may separate in life,
True love will constant be;
And joined again in heaven, 'twill last
Through all eternity.

For True Love's Sake!

OR,

The Discarded Wife.

BY RETT WINWOOD,

Author of "The Ebony Casket," Etc., Etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 23, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"I LOVED YOU."

The door was burst open, and Godfrey came rushing in. He had been on the watch, it would appear. Rose's cry reached him, and he knew, instinctively, that something was wrong.

He looked white and frightened. But there was something besides terror in his pallid face—fury, desperation, despair were all written upon it. In one hand, that swung at his side, a pistol gleamed brightly.

At sight of him, Rose gave a sudden spring and wrenched off the banker's clinging fingers. She turned to the new comer with a flicker of white, hot anger under her lashes, and a greenish pallor upon her face.

"Kill him!" she hissed between her bloodless lips. "Kill him! He knows too much! He has found us out. We can't wait for the poison to work. Kill him, or he will ruin us!"

But Godfrey stood stock still, as if he were frozen in his tracks. The breath ran icily cold over his lips. He seemed powerless to speak or to stir.

"Coward!" screamed Rose, with a snarl of rage. "Coward and villain!"

She seemed beside herself. I will mercifully do her the justice to say I believe she was mad in that awful moment of defeat and detection—that she was not accountable for her own actions.

With a bound she had reached Godfrey's side, and torn the pistol from his grasp.

"I've risked all," she hissed, sharply; "but now I will not lose all! That man shall not live to betray me."

She drew back, covering her uncle's heart with that deadly rim of steel. The trigger clicked sharply; and at this critical moment Nora broke from her hiding place, and rushed wildly up to her, thrusting aside the murderous weapon with her own white hand.

"Rose, Rose," she screamed, "what would you do?"

The pistol exploded. A shrill cry of anguish and rage filled the room. Godfrey Vaughn fell face downwards on the floor, moaning faintly.

The bullet, turned aside from its intended destination, had buried itself in the villain's side.

Rose glared all around a moment, with a dazed, bewildered expression upon her face. She looked at Godfrey, writhing on the floor, at her uncle shuddering among the pillows, at Nora standing over her—this last was a long, wild, wondering look that had something of recognition in it at the end—and then cried with a dreadful shiver in her voice:

"Lost! lost! oh, my God!"

Pressing both hands hard upon her temples, she rushed from the apartment as though pursued by a legion of fiends.

There was a moment's silence after she was gone. Then Major Vaughn suddenly stretched out his trembling hands.

"Nora—my wife!" he said, in a pleading voice.

She dashed the disguising bands from her face. With a loud, hysterical cry, she sprang forward, and pillowed her head upon his breast.

"You know me? Oh, my husband, you know me at last?"

"Yes. I think I began to suspect the truth while you were talking to me and kneeling by my bed to-night. But something told me to wait, to be silent, and watch, as I had promised that I would."

She clung to him as if she never meant to let go. She covered his face with kisses and tears. For a few brief seconds she even forgot the terrible tragedy that had been enacted in that room.

"You believe in my innocence now?" she whispered. "You know I have always loved you—always been true to you?"

A slight shade flitted over his expressive features.

"I cannot doubt you," he murmured. "I do not comprehend the real truth, even yet; but it would be a sin to distrust you now."

Nora did not answer. She felt a feeble hand tugging at her long, dark robe. Looking down, she saw that Godfrey had writhed close up to the couch, and lay there with his eyes imploringly fixed upon her own.

His face was ghastly. There was blood upon it, for he had mopped up a pool of his own gore in his writhings. But it was not that which struck a sudden chill to Nora's heart. It was the livid expression settling over those features with such strange rapidity.

"It's death," he gasped, faintly. "Rose has done for me. I'm dying!"

Nora sprang to his side and lifted up his head, so that it rested upon her shoulder.

"Godfrey," she cried, "you shall not die until you have confessed to your uncle! You shall not die until he has heard the truth from your own lips! Would you take your guilty soul up to God without one sin atoned? Oh, mercy! mercy! Tell my husband that I am innocent."

He hesitated. A strange look broke over his face. It was too late for anything save confession and repentance, and he knew it.

"You will forgive me, Nora?" he pleaded, in a scarcely audible voice. "You will forgive me if I tell everything? I loved you so! My love never faltered, though you may have thought it did; and you were never half so dear, as in that moment when my revenge seemed most complete."

Major Vaughn was staring at him with wondering eyes. He thought Godfrey must be wandering already.

"You loved her?" he repeated. "You loved Nora!"

His wife turned her sweet, truthful face towards him.

"Yes, Douglas," she said, "I believe Godfrey did care for me a little. He was my lover long before I ever knew you. He is the man of whom I told you that day when you married me."

The last words were spoken hesitatingly, and a flush kindled in her pale cheeks. She could not, even yet, think of that wretched time with any degree of calmness.

"I—I—thought it was Roland Dane you loved in those old days," he stammered, confusedly.

Godfrey lay gasping and shivering in Nora's arms. At this moment, he looked up at her again, wildly, imploringly.

"You have not said that you forgive me for all I have made you suffer," he said.

"I do forgive you, freely, fully."

"God bless you. I will confess—indeed, indeed I will. It's all the atonement I can make."

He did confess. The servants came flocking in, pale and frightened, while he was speaking—aroused from their beds by the pistol-shot. But he went on, without minding them, and told the whole, shameful story in his weak, faltering voice.

He began with the missing money. Rose had taken it. One of the clerks in the bank was her accomplice. She had been hard pressed for means to make the display that accorded with her tastes, and while being reputed to have money of her own, did not like to ask her uncle for the large sums she deemed essential.

The paltry thefts about the house were also her work. She wished to bring suspicion upon Janet, by this means, and weaken her cousin's hold upon Major Vaughn's affections.

The false detective, David Drew, was Mrs. Saltonstall in disguise. She was working in Rose's interest, to ward off all suspicion from the latter. Roland Dane had prevailed upon her to play the *role* she had assumed.

Godfrey could tell no more of this particular matter. But he began to speak of his own peculiar affairs, and described his rage and fury when he learned that Nora had married Major Vaughn in spite of him. He laid bare the wicked plot that had been woven so subtly by Roland, Mrs. Saltonstall and himself, and finally confessed to the attempt upon his uncle's life.

"Nora is pure and true, Uncle Douglas," he said, gaspingly, at the last. "With my dying breath I declare my belief in her fidelity to you. Take her to your heart, and cherish her. She deserves it."

He ceased to speak.

"Poor, persecuted Nora," murmured the banker, with a remorseful sob.

Then there was silence in the room, broken only by the low gasps of the sufferer.

Suddenly he started up, an awful change swept over his face.

"Kiss me, Nora!" he cried. "Once—only once. It's growing dark! Kiss me, darling."

She leaned forward, and pressed her lips to his clammy brow. Surely it was not wrong to accord him that one caress?

A smile lighted up his face for an instant. Then it died away again.

"It's coming—death!" he gasped. "Uncle—Nora—forgive——"

He threw up his hands with a long, moaning cry, caught his breath feebly once or twice, and so died.

Footsteps came up the stairs at this last moment. Janet and Eugene Lennox crossed the threshold—they had been wandering in the grounds, all this while, coming to a perfect understanding there—they crossed the threshold, and stood spell-bound at the sight that met their gaze—the dead man lying on the floor—the frightened servants clustered about him—and the reunited husband and wife clasped in a close embrace.

Let us drop a curtain upon the scene.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SUNLIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

About ten o'clock the next morning, the trembling, shrinking figure of Rose Carrington crept up the creaking stairs, entered that dismal den in Cherry street.

Mrs. Saltonstall lay on the shabby sofa, with the stem of a black pipe stuck between her lips. She was tossing about restlessly, and mumbling to herself, with a strange, ghastly smile upon her yellow lips, as though her opium-given dreams were haunted by wonderful images.

Roland Dane sat near her, reading. Rose went up to him, trembling very much. She laid one of her slender hands upon his shoulder.

"All is lost," said she, abruptly. "Discovery, ruin, have met us face to face. That woman has come back."

"What woman?" cried Roland, staring hard at her.

"Nora. She has deceived and outwitted us all. That Sister Theresa was Nora Vaughn in disguise."

Roland started up with a dreadful oath. He clapped both hands to his forehead. He could not believe this strange revelation; and yet he saw pretty clearly what must be the result if it were true!

"It is false!" he stammered.

"It is true," said she, "and I have not told you the worst by any means. I am a——"

She stopped short. Breath seemed to fail her. She dropped almost fainting at her lover's feet, and wildly uplifted her hands.

"Oh, Roland—Roland!" she gasped.

He did not heed her. The cause of her emotion was a mystery to him, as yet. He stood staring at her, white and furious.

"And so we have failed—and that woman has succeeded?" he said, very slowly.

Mingled with all his rage and despair, his deep mortification at being outwitted by a woman, was a feeling of admiration for the courageous creature who had braved him so successfully.

"Strange, strange," he muttered, "that none of you should have known, should have guessed Nora's identity. I do not understand it."

"Nor I," said Rose, faintly. "I suppose the very boldness of her appearance disarmed suspicion. She had changed her voice, and disguised her figure. Even her face was very much altered by the uncouth garb she wore."

"It must have been."

"But Nora is nothing to you and me, now, Roland," she added, clasping his hand. "I am a fugitive. I have sinned for your sake more than my own. My hands are red, Roland, red with human blood. Are you going to desert me and cast me off for my crimes; you, who were the prime mover of them all?"

She knelt there, staring at him with wild, distended eyes. There was madness, entreaty, despair in that gaze, as though this man were the last straw to which she could cling.

"Rose!" he cried, in a voice of horror, "what have you done?"

She told him. There was a silence in the room. At last his arms closed round her, and he drew her close to his heart. Vile, hardened, selfish as he was, he could not desert her in such an hour as this.

"You must fly," he said, hoarsely. "I will go with you. It is not safe to linger here a moment. We must cling to each other now."

He put her away from him, for a moment, and began hastily to gather up a few books and trinkets, which he thrust into a carpet-bag.

At last Rose stopped him. She pointed with a trembling finger at the half-senseless figure on the sofa.

"And *she*, Roland?"

His face changed suddenly.

"We must leave her behind. She can follow us sometimes; but not now. Her senses are steeped in opium. We could do nothing with her."

Rose gave him a swift, keen glance.

"You never told me what that woman is to you, Roland."

"My mother," was the bitter answer.

Rose started.

"Then your name is not Dane," she began, but he stopped her.

"I have as good a right to that name as any other—perhaps, a better right. Heaven only knows. My mother calls herself Mrs. Saltonstall, because she fancies the name, I suppose. She was never married."

This was all he said; but the ghastly hue of his face, the curl of his thin lip, told Rose a story of themselves. This man had been driven into crime and wickedness out of sheer despair and shame. Knowing this, can we not afford to pity him?

* * * * *

The end has come—our story is told at last. Why should we linger over what the reader already surmises?

Mrs. Saltonstall had loved Major Vaughn in their younger days. She had literally thrown herself away upon him. There had been deceit and trickery employed, for she was even then a very cunning woman. He was infatuated enough, at one time, to have married her, but he found out her true character just in time to save himself from the awful fate that threatened him.

Enough of that. We would rather turn from the dark record of the past, and speak of the blissful future that awaited the banker and his beautiful wife—our matchless Nora.

They were very happy in the days that followed those strange events at Rosewood. There was perfect trust now, and of course perfect peace. The shadow had passed from their lives at last, and they lived in the sweet sunshine of mutual love and mutual forbearance.

Susette always remained with them, and Mrs. Churchill was a frequent and welcome visitor at their happy home.

Eugene Lennox married Janet, and so the measure of bliss to these two tried and trusting hearts was also full. Out of the shadow God had lifted them, and they were content.

Of Rose and Roland Dane we have nothing more to tell. They disappeared from the old, familiar scenes suddenly and silently, leaving no trace. Of their after fate nothing has ever been certainly known.

It is thought, however, that Mrs. Saltonstall is with them, and the three are hiding somewhere in the south of France.

Rose will never be molested, in any event. The public were given to understand that Godfrey had committed suicide. Major Vaughn wished it to be so. Rose was of his own blood, after all, and he could not bear that she should be brought to trial.

It is to be hoped that the angel of remorse entered her soul long since, and is there doing its work of reformation.

And now we leave Nora, our heroine, the wife who was discarded, but taken back so eagerly to her husband's arms when he knew her innocence of all crime. We leave her a little changed, a little saddened by the trials through which she has passed, but still unspeakably happy in her double glory of wifehood and motherhood. She is thoroughly devoted to her first-born, the heir of the Vaughn estates.

[THE END.]

How often do we try, and persevere in trying, to make a sort of neat show of outer good qualities, without anything within to correspond, just like children who plant blossoms without any roots in the ground to make a pretty show for the hour. We find fault in our lives and we cut off the weed, but we do not root it up; we find something wanting in ourselves, and we supply it, not by sowing the divine seed of heavenly principle, but by copying the deeds that the principle ought to produce.

The beauty of a religious life is one of its greatest recommendations. What does it profess? Peace to all mankind. It teaches us those arts which will contribute to our present comfort as well as our future happiness. Its greatest ornament is charity; it inculcates nothing but love and sympathy of affection; it breathes nothing but the purest spirit of delight; in short, it is a system perfectly calculated to benefit the heart, improve the mind, enlighten the understanding.

It is not so hard as people suppose to be faithful to one's engagements. The engagement which is to be kept keeps you in its turn. It cuts hesitation to the quick, and protects the will with all the power of a promulgated decree.

It is a common mistake to account those things necessary which are superfluous, and to depend upon fortune for the felicity of life, which arises only from virtue.

THE TURKISH BATH.

When my dear wife, one morning, during the winter just over, insisted upon my wrapping my neck up in a comforter, and putting on double coats, fleecy hosiery, and thick woolen gloves, and, moreover, warned me in the most solemn manner not to expose myself to sudden cold, I believed as firmly in her injunctions as I used to believe in the sacred sentences used in the copy books.

Scuffling down to the store, too stiffly wrapped to turn my body with ease, an animated mound of woolen, I happened to meet Tom Glasters—Merry Tom, they call him.

"Why, old fellow," he said, giving me a dull pound through my woolen armor, "is that the way you try to keep out the cold? Come with me and have a Turkish bath at W——'s, and then sit in a draught for half an hour with only a thin sheet on. That's the way to harden you to cold, my boy."

"Stand in a sheet in this weather!" I stuttered, with chattering teeth, and goose-skin running down the centre of my back. "No, I thank you."

"Oh, but you must," he replied, in his quiet, determined way, coupling my arm in his, and marching me off in triumph.

"Stand in a sheet this weather?" I once more imploringly exclaimed.

"Stand in a sheet? Yes, and very jolly, too."

In another minute we had reached W——'s mansion, and, having dropped my mound of wrappers, Tom introduced me to five or six gentlemen about to undergo the penitential sheet in our company.

I was somewhat consoled by the cheerful manner in which they seemed to contemplate the coming trial, and moved on with the company into a back apartment—the Frigidarium, as they called it. The sound certainly was not pleasant, with the thermometer below freezing point.

But I had little time for reflection, as following the example of the company, I speedily found myself habited in a light terpsychorean costume or kilt. Thus habited, we followed our leader through a double door, and found ourselves in the Calidarium or sweating chamber.

Imagine a small hot-house surrounded with hot-air flues, and, in place of exotics, placed above them on the wooden stages, see the company seated. The thermometer marked 135 degrees, yet I did not feel particularly warm; strange to say, my face, which is always exposed, felt the heat most.

My companions, who were habitues of more or less standing, watched me, apparently with some interest, and, on my remarking that my face felt hot, one of them passed his hand down my arm.

"Do you call that skin?" he exclaimed, in a tone so deprecating, that I mentally felt the deepest shame at its possession.

"No," I said. "What is it?"

"It's horn, sir, it's horn. You are only a shade less horny-hided than an armadillo." This was a rather startling proposition. "We must have this off, sir," he went on, in a tone as indifferent as though he were some wretched old woman about to skin a live cat.

"Have it off, sir?" I said, getting half angry; "I should like to see the man that will lay a hand upon my skin."

"We will see about that," he replied, in a most provokingly cool manner.

"Goodness gracious!" I inwardly exclaimed, "to be frozen, dried up to a mummy, and then skinned—and for Tom to call it so very jolly."

I must own, however, that after all I began to feel particularly light and happy.

"Is it only necessary to get hot to get happy?" I inwardly inquired.

Happening to rise for a moment, however, from the bench, and to take a fresh seat, I gave a sudden jump up again, as though I had been shot.

"Had I inadvertently seated myself on the bars of the furnace?"

"Not at all; the seat is hotter than you calculated," replied one of the habitues, "you must keep your seat."

Some one has quaintly said, that if an ordinary-sized man were placed in a press, between a sufficient number of sheets of blotting-paper, before the screw had reduced his anatomy to the flattened condition of a dried botanical specimen, that blotting-paper would have extracted from him no less than eight gallons of water.

I never could credit this mendacious assertion as I believed, until I had been in the Calidarium about half an hour; then it became clearly apparent that there may be some truth in the statement. The skin did not perspire so much as it streamed with water.

"Before you have done," said my tormentors, "you will have lost three pounds."

A remarkably fine man, seated aloft in a still hotter atmosphere, every now and then took a copious draught of water, as a kind of compensatory process, and the effect was indeed remarkable. It was like pouring a bucket of water into a watering-pot, and then witnessing it stream out of the rose. His whole body became in a few minutes one rose, from which the water previously imbibed transuded. The animated watering-pot, whilst in full activity, stepped down from his reclining couch and went out into the Frigidarium.

I followed. The windows were open, and there we stood in a thorough draft, two columns of steam rising straight up to the ceiling testifying to the activity with which the cooling process was going on. This alternation of temperature, I was informed, was only another method of accelerating the perspiratory process, for, on returning into the Calidarium, we were river gods once more, every pore an urn to supply a rivulet.

"Now, sir," said my friend in the bath, "your skin is nearly ready to come off." And with one sweep of the palm of his hand he denuded me of a long pipe of macaroni.

I shall not inflict a long description upon the reader of the art of shampooing, but I own I was astonished to see the amount of debris among which I stood after the completion of the process.

"There goes your armadillo hide," remarked one of my companions. "Now your skin is a living structure, instead of a half-paralyzed surface, with little more life in it than your nail."

Leaving the Calidarium for good, we returned to the Frigidarium. Here, clothed in long sheets, like a party of ghosts, we gradually cooled before the open window, with the biting air marking below freezing point. How was it that I, who shivered beneath my mound of wrappers, felt the frozen air quite exhilarating, and the draft quite delicious?

Here was the true secret—the body once exalted into energetic action by the combined effect of a high temperature and a thorough action of its pores, is able to withstand with impunity any change of temperature, however sudden. It is a matter of common observation that a thorough warm at the fire is the best preparation for a long walk in the cold. Nevertheless, there are some persons who condemn this proceeding as a pampering of the body; people who will actually sit at the other end of the room lest they should get any adventitious heat from the fire. Do not believe, good reader, in such ascetic nonsense any longer; in this instance, the pleasant is the true thing to do.

In the public establishments which are now spreading throughout our cities, the plan of the old Roman bath is more strictly followed. There is the Tepidarium, the Sudatarium (heated to a temperature of 120), and the Calidarium, in which the heat is exalted to 160 degrees. Next to this is the Lavitarium, in which the washing and shampooing process is carried on.

When at last I reached home, my first impulse was to pitch my comforter to the end of the room; my next to astonish my timid wife.

"Well, my dear James, what have you been about to-day?"

"Standing before the open window with only a sheet on me!"

"Now, James, don't make fun of me."

"True, upon my honor, and intend to do so twice a week, and to leave off all this toggery;" kicking my wrappers.

"Why, what's come to the poor fellow?"

"First I was baked for an hour in an oven, and when at the hottest, I cooled myself in a thorough draft," I malignantly remarked.

"You've been drinking, James," was the only response I could get to this monstrous statement. That I was either drunk or mad, she did not doubt. Indeed, how often do we find that the madness of to-day is the prime wisdom of to-morrow, that our presumed afflictions are our most serviceable friends.

THE NEW ARMS IN GERMANY.

A German paper publishes an article on the new arms now being furnished to the German artillery and infantry. The writer says that in the summer of 1870, before the war broke out, arrangements were made for issuing the converted needle-gun to the troops; but that, as there was no time to carry them out, the army had to go to the field with their old rifles. Immediately after peace was concluded, the infantry were at once armed with the converted rifle, and soon became thoroughly familiarized with its use. Meanwhile the new infantry rifle of the model of 1871, in introducing which the firm of Mauser, the gunmakers of Oberndorf, rendered such important services, was adopted by the German War Office, and a new armament of the troops was energetically proceeded with.

About the end of June, 1873, new regulations were provisionally introduced for the management of the rifle, and was subsequently adopted by the emperor. In December, 1873, the Guards' corps was armed with the new rifle, and it is now being issued to the corps d'armee in the provinces, though on a different principle from that adopted in previous issues. Formerly a corps d'armee was provided with arms according to its strength when on a war footing before the arming of the other corps was proceeded with; while in the present instance the new rifle is being issued for the various corps according to their peace establishment. Eight corps d'armee—the Guards, the 2d, 3d, 8th, 10th, 11th, 14th, and 15th corps—forming nearly one-half of the entire army—have already been supplied with the new rifle, and the remaining half will also be provided with it in the shortest possible time.

One-third of the rifles will be manufactured in the Prussian factories at Dantzic, Erfurt, and Spendau, and two-thirds in Austrian and English factories. The number required by the whole German infantry is 1,737,000, including 841,000 as a reserve. In the field artillery 391 batteries and 177 ammunition columns have to be provided with the new guns. All the barrels, with some of the carriages, etc., are being constructed in the factory of Messrs. Krupp. The arming of the field batteries began some time ago, and is to be proceeded with so rapidly that by the 1st of April next all the horse batteries, and by the 1st of October all the foot batteries, will be supplied with the new guns.

Good Looks.—A celebrated writer says that if one could but read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is good-looking or the reverse, as that life has been good or evil.

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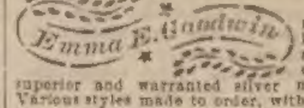

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The Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

As we prophesied, there has been no abatement of trimming upon the newly imported spring suits. Some of them are fairly loaded down with knife-blade pleatings, shirrings, folds and flounces. We trust that such very questionable taste will not be generally adopted, though, indeed, it is difficult to say whether it will be or not, since the devotees of fashion, in obeying her whimsical behests, are often blind to appearances and the congruities of color, etc.

There is quite a fancy exhibited for dolmans and other capes or mantles, as parts of spring suits, especially in woolen goods or mixed stuffs. These wraps are of various shapes, and are not quite so heavily trimmed as in the autumn. Jet is still mixed in the trimmings, but not so much as hitherto.

Ruches of crimped tape and crimped floss are also used. Yak and guipure lace are in vogue, but are no longer given the precedence they once had.

A fancy for thread lace is revived, but only upon very fine garments, or heavy lustreless silks.

Not a few polonaises are still to be seen, although they are no longer the leading style. They are so becoming to the majority of figures that people are loath to give them up. The newest styles have a Princesse back, fit quite smoothly over the hips, and have a trimming in front and at the sides to simulate a basque. The fronts are closed by bows, buttons, or frogs, and are very long. The sides are looped high upon the hips, and long sash-like ends drape the tournure.

In the new suits, basques are elaborately trimmed. A shirring, arranged squarely, or what is known as Pompadour shape, trims the back and front. Some have knife pleats laid down the front to simulate a vest, and often repeated in back; others have five large pleats. Sleeves are puffed lengthwise and horizontally, with deep, fancifully arranged cuffs as a termination.

Overdresses are much ornamented in front, some with wide shirrings, others with narrow.

Underskirts have, as a general rule, a knife-blade pleating at the bottom, above which is placed either a deep shirred flounce, or else four or five deep puffs, or a bias flounce cut in deep leaf points.

Alpaca suits are, for the most part, trimmed with fine knife-blade pleatings. Among the suits designed for a later season are many of ecru and gray batiste, with the overdress quite covered with open Hamburg work. Some are shown, with underskirts of the same, and others are worn over black or brown silk skirts.

We saw a very pretty suit of Havana brown serge, combined with trimmings of very dark brown silk, with here and there a trace of pale blue introduced. The effect was very good.

The underskirt had a knife-blade pleating of the same at the bottom. Above this was placed a bias flounce of dark brown silk. Then three puffs of the material, headed by a standing ruffle of the brown silk.

Overdress was deep apron front, with sides looped up towards the back; two puffs or shirrings of the brown silk surrounded it.

The basque had wide revers of brown silk folded back upon the bust, tapering down at the waist, and widening out until the bottom of the fronts was reached; a knot and ends of Havana brown ribbon, lined with pale blue, was placed at the waist. Small revers were placed at the throat, or just below it, faced with pale blue, and ending in a knot and ends similar to that at the waist. The sleeves were of dark brown silk, with a double cuff of lighter brown, finished with a bow and ends of silk, lined with pale blue.

Hat of brown silk, with a soft, puffed crown, and a coronet front, lined with pale blue. Two closely curled tips, one brown, the other blue, were placed across the crown.

A very neat suit for the promenade was of gray camel's hair cloth.

The lower skirt was trimmed at the bottom with a knife-blade pleating of the same; above were three bias folds, then another pleating, and two more folds, headed by a small, scant ruffle.

The overskirt was round, looped high at the sides, and trimmed with a gray woolen fringe.

The basque was half tight-fitting, with long, pointed side skirts, short in the back, and terminating in narrow, sharp points in front. It had double revers, and a high, round collar, lined first with crinoline, to keep it in place, and afterwards with gray silk. It was also trimmed with gray woolen fringe upon the ends of the basque skirts, the bottom of the revers, and the outer seam of the cuff that finished the loose coat sleeve.

Another suit, rather odd than pretty, was of plum-colored serge combined with pale, olive-colored camel's hair cloth.

The lower skirt of the plum-colored material had a knife-blade pleating at the bottom; above it a deep bias flounce, cut in long points.

The overdress had the front and side breadths of the olive-colored camel's hair cloth. The two back widths were of the plum-colored stuff, and were looped and draped like sash ends. The front widths were shirred.

A sleeveless cuirass, with long side ends, and a high collar ending in revers, was of the plum-colored material; while the sleeves and pocket-flaps were of the olive-colored. The sleeves were puffed horizontally, and had double cuffs, lined with plum color.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The ladies are determined not to allow the sterner sex to have a monopoly of anything, accordingly, are fashioning their new waterproofs after the pattern of the Ulster greatcoat, so much worn this past winter.

French ladies do not consider it ladylike, or in good taste, to trail yards of handsome gros grain through muddy gutters, and over slushy streets.

Very charming sleeveless jackets of Valenciennes insertion, alternated with watered pink, blue, or violet ribbons, are shown for dinner and evening wear.

Plain black kids are considered very stylish for the street. Pearl gray and lavender, without any stitching on the outside, are also much worn.

Long ties or white ecru lace insertions are much worn.

Small mask veils of white grenadine are the style. Very becoming, ladies, but no protection.

There is a rumor that crinoline is to be revived in all its former balloon-like dimensions.

Massive bracelets, an inch and a half wide, are shown in Roman and Etruscan gold. Very bad taste for the promenade, however, or anything but full dress.

As the spring advances, many of our belles are returning to the high mode of dressing the hair. Finger-puffs at the back, with here and there an odd curl escaping, is pretty.

The latest in insect jewelry is a hornet, done in black enamel, with protruding eyes of ruby or garnet stones, and filigree rings done in beaten silver. It is intended as a pendant from a locket or the front of a velvet dog-collar necklace.

Black kid boots, stitched in white, are no longer *en regle*. Fashion decrees plain black with as little stitching as possible.

Pretty ruches and frills for the sleeves are made of narrow strips of fine linen, edged with lace, and alternated with pleatings of tulle or fine Brussels net.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. J. H., Cairo, Ills.—Received your letter enclosing money for patterns of infants' wardrobe, which we sent on 15th instant.

MRS. E. G., Elmwood, Miss.—Replied to your letter, we trust satisfactorily, on 10th instant. Will be very happy to hear again.

KITTY M.—Your Leghorn hat of last summer, if a good one, can be cleaned and altered into a fashionable shape, without a great deal of trouble or expense. We can have it done for you here.

ALICE L.—The ribbon worn around the head, and tied behind, is generally from two and a half to three yards in length, and about three inches wide. It is usually worn with the coronet front bonnets or hats, which have the rim looped in front. Dark blue, bordering on violet or pearl color, would look well with light auburn hair. NIXON.

MRS. R. G. T., Gainesville, Ga.—Your boy of seven is decidedly too young to wear long pants. Boys of eleven and twelve years of age wear the short or ankle trowsers here.

THE SPINSTER'S PLAINT.

Yes, thousands can tell that they don't see us well!
The motion "nem. con." has been carried—
"That our sex should find out what the men are about
To leave so many of us unmarried!"
The wish of our lives is to figure as wives:
Then existence were "couleur-de-rose."
But again and again are our efforts in vain,
We can't get the men to propose!

We pinch in our waists, but to suit the men's tastes,
And we spend all our money on dress;
But we're all in despair, for our plots to ensnare
Have, as yet, never met with success.
We ogle, we sigh, and our tresses we dye
Of every conceivable hue;
And we'd walk on our knees, if we thought it would please:
Good gracious, what are we to do!

SWORD AND SADDLE;

OR,

YOUNG AMERICA IN MEXICO.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD,

Author of "Silver Rifle," "River and Forest," Etc., Etc.

NUMBER 7.

After the Battle—Richard rescues the Senorita.

"I thank fortune that you are uninjured, Richard," said Frank, who could not suppress a smile at his comrade's attempts to relieve himself from the coil of the *lazador's* lariat. "Grivalja will trouble us no more."

While the victor spoke, his knife cut the hairy cord, and Richard rose and looked at his foe.

"Dead, you say, Frank?"

"Dead! Look at that sword cut in his sombrero. I struck with all my might as Boabdil came down upon him. He tried to escape, but my blade was too quick for him, so there he lies. It has been *guerra al cuchillo*, Richard."

"To him, at least," said Richard. "It is well that he did not drag me far. I was the Achilles, he my Hector; but the walls of Troy are not in sight."

"But the home of Senorita Inez is."

"What! are we so near her abode?" exclaimed Richard. "Where is my horse?"

"Yonder, with mine. The good beast did not take fright and dash off when the *lazador* jerked you from the saddle."

Richard was pleased to discover that he had escaped with a few contusions, that would not prove serious, and limped a little while walking to his steed. Grivalja had not been permitted to drag him far, and the ground which he had traversed was fortunately not rough. The few scratches which our hero's face had sustained did not mar his good looks, and he thought himself presentable to the senorita, to visit whom, as the reader knows, the twain had left Jalapa.

The dead was not despoiled. Grivalja's lasso was coiled and placed on his breast, and his sombrero drawn over his sightless eyes. His pistol was returned to his belt, and when the twain departed he appeared sleeping on the starlit plain, the neck of his faithful steed his pillow.

"Good-bye, Grivalja," said Frank Hatton, on parting. "Brave but unfortunate, we will ever think of thee. The hands that laid Inez out in Vera Cruz, have performed the same office to thee, her lover."

And saying *adios* as they lifted their caps to the dead *lazador*, the boy soldiers resumed their journey to the Mexican mansion already in sight.

A dreary silence surrounded the building, standing alone in the calm starlight that diffused its beauties over the earth, and the adventurers wondered if they would find its beautiful mistress at her orisons in the dazzling chamber.

The premises were closely watched as the twain approached, and Frank gave voice to his fears. He thought that the silence indicated that enemies held possession of the house, and that they (the boys) were riding into an adroit snare. Richard, on the other hand, was inclined to believe that death reigned beyond the portals so silent and dark; he thought that the corpse of Inez Donjero tenanted the shrine room, and the fear almost held him back.

After a brief consultation before the mansion which was reached without accident, it was decided that Richard should enter the domicile while his comrade watched without.

Dismounting and throwing the rein to Frank, the senorita's friend glided into the veranda and disappeared beyond the portal. He carried a pistol ready for instant use, and made his way to the door of the chamber of worship.

Listening for a moment he tried the portal, but it would not yield. Then he rapped, lightly at first, then heavily, and all at once a groan caused him to [illegible]

It sounded like a dying groan, but in the silence that followed his last rap, it was not repeated.

He spoke the name of Inez; but no reply rewarded him, and then, unable to endure the suspense another moment, he drew back a pace, and hurled himself against the door.

The structure yielded, and without further trouble, the youth crossed the threshold, and saw the shrine and candles that had encountered his gaze before.

But the late tenant of the room did not kneel before them, and the youth was unable to account for the moan or groan of pain.

His bewilderment lasted but for a moment, for, turning from the dazzling lights, he saw a female figure stretched upon a low cot in one corner of the apartment. With eagerness and a cry of astonishment, he sprang forward, and stood over the palest and most haggard face he had ever seen.

Could the woman before him be the Senorita Inez?

"Senor," said a voice that seemed to emanate from a tomb. "Senor, spare the child of Donjero."

As the pale lips faintly framed the words, a hand was put forth in a gesture of mercy, and Richard saw that the supplicant was the general's daughter.

"No harm shall come to you, senorita," he hastened to say. "I have come to deliver you."

She smiled and took the hand he put forth, in token of the gratitude that was melting her heart.

"What means all this?" he asked. "Is it some of Valja's work?"

"Valja did it," the girl answered, encouraged by the presence and kindly words of the American boy. "He came back from the pursuit mad at me. *Santissima!* how he cursed Donjero's child! He made his lancers ride away, and brought me here. In his arms I went to sleep, senor, for he held a strange leaf in his hand. When I woke, the room was full of smoke, and the fire which he had kindled on my shrine had been fed by the poison leaves. But it went out, and I fell back to die. Oh, how I have dreamed! What things from other worlds—the upper world and the lower, darker one—I have seen with my eyes closed by the deadly smoke. But, senor, you come, and the air which you let into the room is making me myself again. Do you not inhale the poison?"

The strange odor which the youth had inhaled upon entering the apartment was now explained, and he lifted the senorita from the couch.

"The villain shall pay dearly for this if he crosses my path," murmured the rescuer, bearing his burden from the house. "Senorita, will you ride to Jalapa with us?"

She started, and looked up into his face with a shudder.

"Who are there, senor?" she asked.

"Your people, though our flag waves over the city. He may return. A man like Valja would do murder."

"More than that. He would desecrate the holy shrines," she said. "Senor, you have saved Donjero's child, and she will go with you to the city."

Overjoyed to hear her speak thus, Richard led her to his horse, and a minute later was conversing with her from the saddle. The bracing air aided much in her restoration, and the effects of the guerilla's poison rapidly disappeared.

And as the party approached the scene of Frank's victory, they frightened the Mexican wolves from Grivalja and his horse.

SUGAR.

Sugar is of modern use only. The ancients were unacquainted with it as an article of commerce or of common use. What a revolution in our household affairs would it occasion, to strike sugar from the list of dietary articles! It is a necessity, not a luxury. Within the last four hundred years it has grown from being an article of curiosity or luxury to be one of the great staples of commerce. It enters every department of domestic economy. Humboldt says that in China it was known and used in ancient times; but if known at all in western Asia or Europe till within the last few centuries, it was only as travelers brought it as remembrances of foreign climes and distant travel. There is some foundation for the idea that it was not entirely unknown to the ancient Greeks. We find in the classics mention made of honey that bees did not make, and honey from reeds—the sugar-cane being a reed. From their expressions, it is thought that sugar is meant, as all sweet articles were included in the term honey in early days.

Pliny says there is a kind of honey from reeds which is like gum, and it is used as a medicine. Some allusions in the Bible seem to refer to sugar and honey. In later times, it is said that the Crusaders found sweet-honeyed canes growing in the meadows of Tripoli; that they sucked these canes, and were delighted with the operation; that these canes were cultivated with great care, and, when ripe, were pounded in mortars, and the juice was strained and dried to a solid, like salt; that, mixed with bread, it was more pleasant than honey. In 1420, the Portuguese brought the cane to Spain, Madeira, and Canaries, and thence it was carried to the West Indies and Brazil. In those countries it found the conditions for its rapid development, and the world was soon furnished with the products of these countries; so that sugar assumed a place among the chief articles of commerce.

GAIETY.—There are two kinds of gaiety; the one arises from want of heart, being touched by no pity, sympathizing with no pain, even of its own causing; it shines and glitters like a frost-bound river in the gleaming sun. The other springs from excess of heart—that is, a heart overflowing with kindliness towards all men and all things; and suffering under no superadded grief; it is light from the happiness which it causes, from the happiness which it sees. This may be compared to the same river, sparkling and smiling under the sun of summer, and running on to give fertility and increase to all within, and even to many beyond, its reach.

TRUE courage is cool and calm. The bravest of men have the least of brutal bullying insolence, and in the very time of danger are found the most serene and free.

Correspondents' Bureau

All communications should be addressed to E. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

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Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—Tittle-Tattle. February. Ethel's Good Fortune. The Bosom Friends. The Lover's Appeal. With My Heart. How He Kept His Promise. Through Tribulations. A Trapper's Story. The Engagement Ring.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

FANNIE AND MILLIE are informed that we never insert any such notices in our columns, nor do we in any way encourage or approve of any such correspondence as that called for.

PETER G.—"Can you tell me the date of the creation of the world?" There are about one hundred and forty different dates assigned to the creation, varying from 3616 years to 6984. The date given by the Bible, and by Usher, Blair, and other authorities, is 4004 B. C.

W. T. C.—We know of nothing more useful to one who is trying to cure himself of the use of tobacco, that is if he finds he requires some artificial aids, than to chew a little coarsely-cut gentian root, masticate it well, and swallow the saliva. Do this after each meal, and you will soon find it will take away all desire for chewing tobacco.

L. W. M. (Phila.)—In your question last week you used the words "our judges," instead of "English judges." In regard to the original meaning of the custom of the use of the black cap by a judge in delivering a sentence of death on a criminal, and in replying to it we overlooked your error. As is well known to us all, the custom does not prevail in the United States, as here the judge in such a case only rises to deliver the sentence.

IRIS.—We must confess we feel ourselves utterly helpless to even suggest anything to you as to how to bring the gentleman "to the point," as you express it. All we can say, however, is, that if you have any good reasons for believing that there is any truth in the report concerning him, we are surprised at your wish. You surely have too much self-pride and respect to desire to "bring to the point" any such deceitful lover as he must be, if the story you have been told is true.

N. Y. N.—"Can you tell me the origin of the word etiquette?" The word etiquette means "in due order," although in the original French it signifies a ticket or card. It appears that it was once the custom in France, on occasions of ceremony or festivity, to distribute among the guests tickets containing an outline of the proceedings, and directions for the conduct of the company. If everything was properly done, it was said to be according to *Etiquette*; hence, "in due order."

MACHINIST.—The steam hammer was invented by Mr. James Nasmyth, in 1838, and patented by him in 1842. In the latter year he applied it to driving piles, which invention has importantly assisted in the execution of every great public work in which pile driving is necessary. The steam hammer is now employed in every country where the working of malleable iron is carried on. Owing to its vast range of power, forged iron work can by its means be executed on a scale, and for a variety of purposes, with such ease and perfection, as could not have been possible by any means previously existing.

W. A. BELL (Coal River).—We regret we are unable to give you the desired information as to the cost of travelling by steamer and by railway between the points you mention, owing to there being always changes just about this season of the year. Added to this, there is at the present time considerable difficulty in obtaining any satisfactory information on the subject at all, owing to the complications existing between two of the leading railroads in the country. But if you would step into any railroad depot in your own town, and ask the question you have put to us, we have no doubt that they would be able to answer you.

DR TROP.—When you called at the house of your friend to pay an evening visit, and found, unknown to you, that there was a small party assembled there, you should have entered and presented yourself, just the same as if you had been invited, conversed with an easy, unembarrassed air for a few minutes, and then retired. This would have been much better than to make a precipitate retreat, as you did, apologizing for your intrusion, which no doubt was extremely awkward both for the lady of the house and the guests. If any apology at all was needed from you, a few words spoken quietly, before you left, either to the host or hostess, would have been quite sufficient.

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T. K. G.—In making presents, much depends upon the station in life of the individual. For instance, a person in moderate circumstances may present a gift which is handsome when viewed in reference to his means, but which would be paltry for one of a larger fortune. And then, too, the age and tastes of the person to whom the gift is to be offered should be taken into consideration. Books to a gentleman who never reads, or a horse to one who never rides, or a gold watch to one who has two or three already, would be evidently out of place. But as a general rule, such articles as rings, pieces of plate or china, pictures or prints, books, writing-desks, dressing-cases, portfolios, ink-stands, chessmen and boards, cigar-cases, etc., may be regarded as suitable presents between gentlemen.

ST. GEORGE.—The Union Jack, the national flag of Great Britain and Ireland, is the red cross of St. George (England), the cross of St. Andrew, blue-white diagonal (Scotland), and of St. Patrick, white diagonal red cross (Ireland). The red cross of St. Andrew was first introduced in 1606, three years after the accession of James I; and under that Blake won his famous victories. "Jack" is supposed to be a corruption of Jacques, i. e., King James I. This flag continued till the union with Ireland (1801), when the red cross of St. Patrick was taken into it. The Royal Standard is the arms of England, hoisted when the queen or any royal scion is on board a royal ship or at a royal palace. That has varied according to the arms of the sovereign. The British Imperial Standard (the Jack), as it now stands, was first hoisted at the Tower of London, at Bedford Tower, Dublin, and displayed by the Foot Guards on January 1st, 1801, the date of the union of England and Scotland with Ireland.

IMPUDENCE.—"As you undertake to answer all kinds of questions that are put to you, no matter how difficult or on what subject, I am going to put your ingenuity to the test by asking you one question. What was the origin and the purpose of kissing?" Miss "Impudence" put us on our mettle, and, after considerable research and diving into old dusty and learned volumes, we have discovered the origin and the purpose of kissing, and considering the very important nature of the subject, and its very general interest, we have translated it for the information of all whom it may concern. In the "Liber Apologeticus" of Tertullian, a celebrated historian who flourished about the year A. D. 190, and whose testimony as a historian is deserving of credit, we are told that kissing was first brought into practice at that time by one party as a means of ascertaining whether the other party had been drinking or not. The custom was to kiss one's neighbors, or, as in the original Latin, "osculis propinquis offerre," that they might be tested by the smell of their breath "ut spiritu judicaretur." The woman who was thus found out to be a wine drinker, could be put to death by her husband without any blame being attributed to him. "Quæ et num alligerat, impune a marito trucida est."

PACIFIC.—"I would like to know the origin of the custom of placing crape on the door of a house when there has been a recent death, and whether it is, as I have been told, only a local custom of recent introduction." No, it is by no means either a local or a recent custom. It evidently has had its origin in the ancient heraldic customs of the Anglo-Saxon race, and is as old as the time of Henry I of England, who reigned from A. D. 1100 to 1135. Even at that early period hatchments or armorial ensigns were placed in front of houses when the nobility and gentry died. These hatchments were of diamond shape, and contained the family arms, quartered and colored with sable, in such a manner that the spectator at a glance could tell what branch of the family was dead, whether the deceased was young or old, married or single, widow or widower.

G. W. C. (Towanda, Pa.)—St. Andrew is said to have been martyred by crucifixion, Nov. 30, 69, at Patræ, in Achaia. The origin of his being the titular saint of Scotland is, that Hungrus, a Pictish prince, on the eve of an impending battle with the Northumbrians, dreamed that the saint was to be his friend during the fight, and his dream was verified by St. Andrew's cross appearing in the air during the battle, and by the defeat of the Northumbrians. The collar of an order of knighthood, founded on this legend, is formed of thistles (not to be touched), and of rue (an antidote against poison). The motto is "Nemo me impune lacessit," no one assails me with impunity. This order was founded by James V, in 1540, though there are some historians who say it was only revived then, having been originally instituted, in 809, by Achaius I of Scotland, who took for his device the thistle.

AMERICUS.—"Please inform me through the Correspondents' Column who is the author of, and where I can find the following lines?

"You are just a porcelain trifle,
Belle marquise;
Just a thing of puffs and patches,
Made up of marigals and catches,
Not for heart-wounds, but for scratches,
Oh, marquise!
Just a pinky, porcelain trifle,
Belle marquise;
Pate tendre, rose Du Barry,
Quick at verbal point and parry
Clever, certes—but to marry——
No, marquise."

The lines sound very familiar indeed to us, but we cannot ascertain who is the author, or where they occur. We have inserted them in the hope of their meeting the eye of some of our readers who may be able to tell us where to find them.

T. T. BEATTIE.—We are very much pleased indeed to hear from you, and to receive any criticisms on any of our answers which may occur to you. But in this instance we think that either you have forgotten the name, or the author of the poem you refer to made a mistake in attributing the invention of the mariners' compass, or its application to the art of navigation, to an Italian named Giovanni. There is no such name as Giovanni connected in any way with the early history of the mariners' compass. The honor of having discovered the use of the compass as a nautical instrument has been attributed by some to a Neapolitan named Flavio Gioja, about the year 1302; but for this there is no foundation whatever, as the compass was well known as a nautical instrument long before that time. It is just possible, however, that Gioja may have made some improvement in the instrument, or in the mode of suspending it.

A. G. H. (Washington).—The great seal of the United States was adopted on June 20th, 1782. Immediately after the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, on July 4th, 1776, a committee was appointed to prepare a device for a seal, but the matter was not consummated until the date above mentioned. The device is, on one side, a spread eagle, with a shield with thirteen stripes paleways and a chief azure: in one talon a bundle of arrows, in the other an olive branch. In its beak a scroll with the motto "E Pluribus Unum;" and over its head a glory breaking from the clouds, surrounding thirteen stars. On the reverse is an unfinished pyramid, symboling the growth and strength of the Union; over it the All-seeing Eye in a triangle, surrounded by a glory, and around the rim the words "Annuit Cœptis," God has favored the undertaking, and "Novus Ordo Seclorum," a new order of things. This seal has never been changed.

KOHINOOR.—You ask us "the names and the sizes of some of the more celebrated and well-known diamonds in Europe?" Of the diamonds of any historical celebrity and size, the potentates of Europe are the possessors of almost all, the following being the names of the more celebrated: The Sultan of Matan, 360 carats; the Regent, 135 carats; the Kohinoor, 186 carats; the Orloff, 195 carats; the Sancl, 64 carats. The last mentioned has survived adventures enough to merit a detailed account. Nurtured on the breast of Charles the Bold of Burgundy, from him it passing to the Sancl, was christened. It next turns up among the crown jewels of France, assisting at the coronation of Louis XIV and Louis XV, and disappearing at the sack of the Tuileries. Ferdinand VII of Spain afterwards became its owner, his queen giving it to Godoy, Prince de la Paix, from whom it passed to several unimportant hands, until an East Indian nabob, Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, of Bombay, secured it by purchase for £20,000.

HARNARD.—"Why is the term Benedict applied to a married man? I should like, for personal reasons, to know this, and hope you can tell me." Benedict is, as you say, a cant term for a married man, generalized from the character of that name in Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing." The word Benedict is a Latin and English word, and means "blessed." The verb *beo*, "to make happy," or "to bless," formed the participle *beatus*, "happy," or "blessed," which was applied by the Church to her departed members, and, in time, was bestowed on the living. It gave rise to Beatrice. The same base is said to be the source of benus, the old form of bonus, which survives in the adverb bene. Benedico, "to speak well," came to have the technical sense "to bless," and hence arose Benedict and Bennett. It is curious to find that Shakespeare's Beatrice and Benedict should have derived their names from the same source, and that they were one in name before Benedict's expectation that he would not live to be married was disappointed, and he and Beatrice "blessed" each other.

DICK TURPIN.—The University of Michigan is located in Ann Arbor, Washtenaw County. 2. We do not know if every State has agricultural colleges, but we believe most of them have. The Philadelphia and South Carolina Agricultural Societies were founded in 1784, and now nearly every other State has them. The first Agricultural Exhibition ever held in the United States was at Georgetown, D. C., May 10th, 1810. The New York State Agricultural Society was incorporated in 1832. The State of Michigan passed an act in 1855 to establish an agricultural college, an example which has been since followed by most of the other States. It was not till 1862 that, by an act of Congress, the United States Government Agricultural Department was established. 3. The Pennsylvania Agricultural College is situated in Bellefonte, Clinton Co. 4. We do not think that the twenty-eight novels you speak of, are procurable, bound in one volume, as you have been told. You, however, might ascertain, and, if it is, procure the same by addressing the Central News Company, 505 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

A PLAIN GIRL.—We must beg leave to differ with you entirely when you say that beauty and style are the surest passports to society and respectability, and that a girl with no personal beauty to recommend her is sure to be snubbed and neglected in favor of the former. Beauty and style are not the surest passports to respectability—some of the noblest specimens of womanhood that the world has ever seen have presented the plainest and most unprepossessing appearance. A woman's worth is to be estimated by the real goodness of her heart, the greatness of her soul, and the purity and sweetness of her character; and a woman with a kindly disposition, and a well-balanced mind and character, is lovely and attractive, be her face ever so plain and her figure ever so homely; she makes the best of wives and the truest of mothers. She has a higher purpose in living than the beautiful yet vain and supercilious woman, who has no higher ambition than to flaunt her finery, or to gratify her inordinate vanity by exacting flattery and praise from men whose compliments are as hollow as they are insincere.

HATTIE.—Since you have confided in us so candidly all your troubles, we will endeavor to advise you to the best of our ability, and if you will only follow our advice, you will not enter into an engagement hastily. Know something of your lover before you promise to marry him. You ought to be acquainted with each other's lives, dispositions and characters, before you agree to pass a lifetime together. The old adage, "Marry in haste, repent at leisure," so rarely, rarely fails to make good its prophecy. Don't engage yourself to a man younger than yourself. A girl grows up so much sooner than a boy; and it is so straight through life to the three-score years and ten—of a man and woman the same age, the woman always seems the elder. She does not retain her youthful looks nearly as long as he. A woman instinctively wishes her ideal, her love, to be a man to whom she can look for strength and help and counsel. She wants to be able to rely upon him as a trifle her superior. Of course, there are many exceptions to such cases, but, as a rule, it is better to engage yourself to a man a few years your senior, than to a man of your own age or younger. Especially is this better in early marriages. Your lover should be somewhat your senior. And lastly, do not enter into an engagement of long standing. Mentally, morally and physically, they are bad. Know your lover well before you promise to marry him; let your friendship extend over many years if you will, but not your engagement. It will be an incubus on both of you.

NERVOUS.—Irregularity of the pulse, palpitation of the heart, and pain in the chest, do not necessarily prove that there is disease of the heart itself. The cause may arise from the ordinary unphysiological habits of living—the use of constipating food, salted meats, spirits, and tobacco, with sedentary employment and want of exercise, all of which tend to clog up the liver, weaken the stomach, obstruct the skin, shatter the nerves, and contract the chest. These conditions operate directly upon the heart and blood-vessels, by rendering the circulation laborious. The heart eventually acquires that degree of morbid irritability, that the most trifling exciting cause sometimes produces more or less derangement of the circulation, with an irregular pulse. The repeated application of the exciting causes eventually induces a permanent irregularity of the pulse; hence, then it is that the doctor, or patient, or both, are apt to come to the conclusion that there is an organic disease of the heart. But fifty per cent. of the cases that come under medical notice are only functional or sympathetic. The plan is to cure the primary malady, and the heart disease disappears.

CLARION PENN.—"Please tell me who Dante was, whether a sculptor or a poet, and some particulars of his life?" Dante was one of the greatest poets of all time, and incomparably the greatest among the Italian poets. He was born in Florence, on May 14th, 1265, and died at Ravenna, September 14th, 1321. His family was said to have been one of the most illustrious in the city of Florence. His father dying while Dante was very young, his education devolved upon his mother. We have not space here to give any history of his life, and will only mention one of his works, the immortal "Divina Commedia," which has been translated into almost every European language. This work depicts a vision in which the poet is conducted first by Virgil, the representative of human reason, through hell and purgatory, and then by Beatrice, the representative of revelation, and afterwards by St. Bernard, through the several heavens, where he beholds the triune God. This is a wonderful and deeply interesting work, and it would well repay a perusal. A statue of Dante was uncovered at Florence on May 14th, 1865, the six hundredth anniversary of his birth, by the king in person, amidst the most imposing ceremonies.

IGNORAMUS.—A "sweepstake," in the language of the turf, is where the purse is made up by the running horses, and carried off by the winning horse. The following is a notice of this description of race: "A sweepstake of three-year olds; two miles; $100 entrance; $50 forfeit; $400 added; usual penalty for winner." The figures mean that $100 is paid by each horse on entering the course, $50 forfeit in case he does not enter, after giving notice to do so, and $400 added to the entrance money won by the winner, which is subscribed by all the horses. A penalty is paid by the winner in the shape of more entrance fee than any other horse, as may be agreed upon. 2. A "steeplechase" is taken from an old English term, where a pell-mell race takes place for a church at a distance whose steeple is conspicuous. Hedges, fences, gates and ditches are to be cleared in this course, and small rivers to be swam. In such contests upon race courses, fences or hurdles are improvised, behind which latter ditches, varying from six to twelve feet in width, are dug. These are not on the line of the course, as they would obstruct subsequent races, but are either outside or inside of it. Horses in a steeplechase usually go round the course three times, making three miles.

PROBABILITIES.—The common camphor bottle makes but a very cloudy index of the atmospheric changes in the weather, but the following you will find a very great improvement on it, being a cheap barometer, and at the same time a beautiful philosophical toy. Dissolve two and a half drachms of camphor in eleven fluid drachms of alcohol. Put thirty-eight grains of nitrate of potash (saltpetre) and thirty-eight grains of muriate of ammonia (sal ammoniac) into nine fluid drachms of water; when all are perfectly dissolved, mix the two solutions. Shake them well in a two-ounce or four-ounce white glass phial, cork very loosely, or, better, tie over the orifice a piece of linen or cotton cloth, and place the instrument in a good light out of the sunshine, where it can be observed without handling. When the weather is fine and clear, the fluid is, also; but, on the least change, the chemicals, which lie as a sediment, rise in beautiful frond-like crystals proportionately, and again duly subside. By watching these changes one is soon able to predict changes of weather probable for a few hours to come, in any locality, but not for all alike. This instrument may be recommended also as a pretty philosophical toy with a problem annexed.

J. C. H. (Camden).—"There are two expressions, 'seeing the lions,' and 'seeing the elephant,' which I have often puzzled over, as to how they ever originated, and seeing that you are very ingenious in answering questions, I thought I would apply to you for the desired information?" In the first expression, the word "lions" refers to any notabilities, either persons or sights worthy of inspection, and in a very old expression, dating back to the times when the royal lions at the Tower of London, before the existence of zoological gardens and traveling menageries were a London wonder, to visit which country cousins and strangers were always taken. The origin of the Tower collection was three leopards sent by the Emperor Frederick to Henry III, as a living illustration of the royal arms of England. This menagerie was only abolished in 1834, and the practice was to allow any person to enter, gratis, who brought with him a little dog to be thrown to the lions! The other expression—"to have seen the elephant"—is equivalent to being "up to the latest trick"—to be knowing, and not green. Possibly this was a metaphor taken from the travelling menageries, where an elephant was always a finale to the exhibition.

M. E. E.—"I was reading in a book the other day about the 'Dunmow flitch of bacon,' and not understanding quite what it referred to, and the origin of the saying, concluded to come to you for the information." The ancient and whimsical tenure of delivery of a flitch of bacon is peculiar to the town of Little Dunmow, in Essex, and that of Whichmore, in Staffordshire, England. The custom is by some writers supposed to be of Saxon, by others of Norman origin. It was undoubtedly a burden upon the estate, and the condition of some charter. The institution of it in Little Dunmow may reasonably be supposed to have been by one of the family of Fitzwalter. The earliest recorded delivery of the bacon was in 1445, when Richard Wright of Bradbourn, in Norfolk, having been duly sworn before the prior and convent, had a flitch of bacon delivered to him in conformity to the conditions of the tenure. The ceremonial required the claimant to kneel on two pointed stones in the churchyard, and after solem